THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY DECEMBER 14, 1889. $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 23

THEN AND NOW.

BY SYDNEY HOOKS.

Yet, if the love that was with me then
Could only be with me now,
I should feel again as I felt that night
When I heard her whispered vow.
It is not the years, but the vanished joys
That furrow the weary brow.

Gone, like the breeze on a summer sea,
Like the notes of a nest-ward lark;
And the lights are out and the music's mute,
And love lies cold and stark;
And the world to me so old and sad,
And the future all so dark!

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

TRYING to frame some form of words in which she could speak to him, she made her way to the meadows, and as she went the beauty of the spring morning seemed to take to itself a new and strange loveliness, and notwithstanding her difficult task, the thought that she was going to meet him again filled her with a vague, indescribable sensation that half-pleased, half-troubled her.

All the place was silent save for the singing of the birds and the babbling of the brook, and as she seated herself on the mossy bank she looked round, as one views a place rendered familiar and pleasant by associations.

Wherever she went, whatever happened to her in the future, she thought, she should always remember Barton meadows, the clump of elms, the silver brook, and—ah, yes!—the handsome face lying so still and white in her lap.

As she was recalling the scene, dwelling on it with a singular commingling of pleasure and pain, she heard the beat of horse's hoofs, just as she had heard it the first morning; and Lord Neville came flying over the hedge, a little further from her this time, and still upon his horse, and not upon his head.

He pulled the animal up almost on its haunches, and, slipping from the saddle, hurried towards her.

In the second that she raised her eyes she took in, as if by a species of mental photography, the handsome face, with its clear and now eager eyes, the graceful figure, in its suit of grey cords that seemed to be part and parcel of the wearer, and the air—distinguished, patrician, it is so difficult to describe it, which is the birthright of the gentleman,—the air which the *parvenu*, though he count his gold by the million, cannot purchase.

"You have come!" he said, raising his hat. "I am so glad, so grateful, Miss Marlowe."

"You would not be, Lord Neville, if you knew how sorry I am to be here," she said, and her wonderful eyes met his ardent gaze steadily and with a gravity that lent a subtle and altogether new charm to her face.

His face fell.

"Sorry?" he said, regretfully.

"Yes," she said: "very, very sorry. Lord Neville, you should not have written me that note; it was wrong."

"Let me tell you," he said eagerly, pleadingly; "I feared you would say this——"

"I did not intend to come," she said, as if he had not spoken. "I meant to pass the note by unanswered. But it seemed—well, yes, unkind. And I tried to write, but——" her brows came together, "I could not please myself. It is so hard to write such a letter for the first time in one's life, and at last I decided to meet you, that I might tell you how wrong you were, and that your note showed me—ah! so plainly—that we must not meet again—that, in short, Lord Neville, our acquaintance must cease!"

She actually half rose, as if she were about to leave him then and there; but he put out his hand pleadingly, without daring to touch her, and implored her to wait.

"Don't go—for a moment, only a moment!" he pleaded. "Let me speak in my defense. Do listen to me! I only ask you to listen to me!"

She sank down again slowly, reluctantly, as it seemed, and he threw himself beside her, bending forward, his eyes fixed upon her face, all alight with the ardent desire to turn aside her anger, to melt her coldness.

"Why did you write that note?" she said.

"Why—I was mad!" he said. "Stop—I was mad: I wrote it while I was in the theatre. It was wrong, I know, of course; but I'm not sorry that I wrote it!"

She turned her eyes with surprise and reproach upon him.

"No, I'm not sorry!" he said, almost defiantly. "I wrote it during the *entr'acte*; I'd been watching you and listening to you until—well, until I had lost myself, I suppose. Anyhow I got the piece of paper and wrote on it, and put it amongst the violets, all in a moment, as it were. I felt that I must see you again—wait, ah, wait and hear me out!" for she had made a movement that seemed to threaten her departure.

"I don't know how long I may be here, I may go at any moment—from Barton, I meant and then, as I thought that I might not see you again for weeks, for months perhaps—" he stopped, not because he had no words, but for breath, and to regain his composure.

"I knew you would be angry, but—what was I to do? You had forbidden me—well, you hadn't given me permission to call on you——"

She caught her under-lip in her teeth: he was using the argument in his defense which she had not used for him in the morning.

—"And I thought I would write it. Miss Marlowe, you shall blame me for sending that note to you, for asking you to meet me here. It was wrong, impertinent, whatever you like to call it, but I had a distinct object——"

She did not start, but looked at him for a moment with faint surprise, then looked at the brook.

"I wanted to tell you something," he said, not so smoothly or glowing now, but with a sudden gravity in his voice, an intensity in the expression of his eyes that ought to have warned her; but it did not, for she looked at him with calm surprise.

"It will sound sudden to you, sudden and abrupt, I daresay," he said. "I—I can't help it! It seems sudden to me, and yet sometimes I feel as if I had known you for years—all my life. Miss Marlowe, when a man finds that the face and the voice of a girl are haunting him day and night, that he cannot drive them out of his head for half a minute, when he is only happy when he is near her and altogether wretched when he is away from her, there is only one explanation: he is in love with that girl. I am in love with that girl. I am in love with you!"

The blood rushed to Doris's face, then left it white to the lips.

She drew her eyes away from his slowly and sat mute and motionless.

"I love you!" he said, bending a little nearer to her, the words fraught with the intensity—and the truth—of a man's passion. "I love you with all my heart and soul!"

He drew a long breath. "That is why I wrote to you, that is what I had to say to you—wait a moment, I know what you are going to say—perhaps you are going to laugh. For Heaven's sake, don't, for this is a serious business for me!"

She made a slight gesture of negation.

"No, forgive me; I was wrong! You would not laugh. But I know what you will say—that I have only seen you a few times, that I have only spoken to you on two occasions. Well, I know. Do you think I haven't told myself all that? I have a hundred times; but it doesn't alter the fact. I do love you. I know that, and that's about all I know of it."

His deep, musical voice was tremulous for a moment, but he mastered it. "And I don't wonder at it! Where is the man with half a heart in his bosom who wouldn't love you! I have never seen anyone so beautiful—half so beautiful!"

She moved her hand as if to silence him, but he went on.

"And I've sat for hours fascinated—feeling my heart drawn out of me by your face, your voice! Why, look how you move the rest of the people at the theatre, and think what it must mean to me who loved you the very first time I saw you! Ah, Miss Marlowe—Doris—let me call you Doris for once!—if I could only tell you how dearly and truly and passionately I love you! But I can't. I know it's no use. Who am I that you should feel anything but amusement——"

"Do not say that," she said, in a low voice, almost inaudible indeed.

"You are as beautiful as an angel, and as clever—why you are famous already, and I—" he laughed with self scorn—"I'm just an ordinary fool of a fellow. Of course there is no hope for me, and yet somehow I felt that I must tell you. You won't laugh, I know. You'll tell me that I'm very foolish, and that we mustn't meet again—and—and all that—" he rose but sank down again, and touched her arm reverently—"and you'll send me away and—and—perhaps forget all about me in a week or two. While I—well—" he pushed the short crisp hair from his brow with an impatient gesture,—"well, I shall get over it in time—No!" he said, simply, passionately, "I shall never forget you! If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the other day when I opened my eyes and saw you bending over me, or those next two nights when I looked at you in the theatre! I shall never forget, nor cease to love you! I know it as surely as I stand here!"

He rose and thrust his hands in his pockets, and looked down at her, his handsome face set hard, his eyes dwelling upon her with the hungry look of the man who loves and yet does not hope.

"And now I've told you," he said with a short breath, "and now I suppose it's 'good-bye, Lord Neville, I hope you will be happy and—'" his voice broke, and he knelt beside her and caught her hand.

"Miss Marlowe! Doris! It—if there is the slightest chance for me! If there is the least bit of hope in the world give it to me! I'm—I'm like a man pleading for his life! For his life! For more than that—his happiness——" he stopped sudden, smitten silent, for the hand that was free had gone up to her face and covered her eyes, and she was trembling.

She had heard love made to her on the stage, and it had meant—just her "one," no more; this was the first time the accents of a real, genuine passion had ever smote upon her ear, and its tones thrilled to her heart.

She trembled with joy, with fear, with doubt, with the almost irrepressible longing to hide her burning face upon his breast, and give words to the cry that rang in her heart, "I love you! I love you!"

"Doris!" he said; "Doris!" and there was truth in his voice. "For Heaven's sake, don't cry! I'm not worth it; I am not, indeed! Are you crying? Don't! I'll—I'll go——"

She put out her hand and laid it gently on his arm, as gently as a butterfly alights upon a flower.

He caught it, and drew nearer to her.

"Doris! Is it possible? Do you—may I hope? Doris! Oh, my darling, my darling!" and his strong arms wound round her, and his kisses fell like hot rain upon her hair and eyelids.

For a moment she surrendered herself to the storm of passion, as a tree bends before the whirlwind; then she put her hands palm-wise upon his breast, and gently kept him from her.

"Oh, wait, wait!" she murmured. "I don't know——"

"Don't know! Don't know whether you love me, you mean?" he said, kneeling beside her, and gazing hungrily in her face, ready to swoop down upon her with renewed caresses.

"Yes," she said, and her voice came in a whisper. "It is all so—so sudden! I don't know——"

"My darling!" he whispered. "Let me ask you! I know what love means, for I learnt it from my love for you. Look at me, Doris!"

She raised her eyes—they seemed weighted with lead—and let them rest upon his ardent, glowing face.

"Let me ask you," he said, "would you like me to be unhappy?—would you like me to leave you, to go away from you, not for an hour or a day, but forever?"

A faint shudder shook her, and the hands touching his breast half-closed on him.

"Would you be happy if I were miles away, and there was a chance of ever seeing me again?—Doris, answer me; shall I go? Will you say 'good-bye'?"

He drew back from her in a feint of leaving her, and her small, soft hands closed upon him.

"No, no!"

He asked for no more. With a cry of joy he drew her to him and kissed her, all unrebuked this time.

"My darling!—my beautiful!" he murmured. "Oh, Doris, is it true—can it be true? Tell me, dearest; I can't believe it otherwise. Tell me, do you love me just a little?" and he looked into her downcast eyes as if he would read her soul.

She put her hand upon his arm and let them rest there.

"Yes!" she said, as if the effort cost her much; "I do love you!"

A linnet, perched upon a branch of the tree above them, burst into a song; a lamb, that had been regarding them curiously, drew near and bleated; the brook babbled over the stones; all nature in its happy spring-tide seemed to take up the harmony of these two souls bound in love's subtle spell, and to find voice; but they were silent.

At last he spoke.

"It is like a dream!" he said, removing his eyes from her face for a moment and looking round like a man awaking from sleep. "Like a dream! Tell me once more, Doris; just once more!"

"Is it so difficult to believe? Well, then—I love you!" she murmured, and a smile—the first fruit of love—beamed from her eyes.

"Difficult to believe!" he said; "well, I

should think so! Great Heaven! what on earth do you see in me to love?"

"Quite enough," she said, the smile growing sunnier, as she looked at his handsome face and ardent eyes.

"It's wonderful!" he said. "Just look at the difference between us: you, so beautiful, so clever, such a genius; oh, I know! Why, you will be famous—are famous already, I daresay—and I!" he laughed with self-scorn. "It is wonderful!" and he drew her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Isn't it?" she said slowly, with loving mockery.

"Yes, it is," he asseverated. "Simply wonderful! And to think that you belong to me! You, you, you!" and his eyes flashed upon her lovely, bewitching face. "By Jove, I shall wake up presently, and find that it really is only a dream."

She started, and would have withdrawn her hand if it had not been so tightly clasped in his.

"It is only a dream," she murmured.

"Only a dream?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said. "A—a—very pleasant dream——"

"Thank you!"

—"But a dream still, Lord Neville——"

"My name is Cecil, I'd have you to know!"

"Lord Cecil——"

"Cecil, without the 'lord,' if you please."

—"It is only a dream! We must wake now! I—and you—have forgotten!"

"Forgotten what, dearest?" he said.

"Forgotten who you are, and what I am."

"You are an angel!" he remarked, seating himself beside her, and stealing his arm round her waist.

"I am an actress, and you are a viscount," she said.

"I believe I am," he said smilingly. "But, all the same, you are an angel! Every moment I expect to see you spread your wings, and fly away from me."

"So I shall directly," she said, with a smile that was half sorrowful. "I am an actress: one of the people! One who has no status, no standing in the world; and you are a nobleman! You will be a marquis some day, will you not?"

"I daresay," he assented carelessly, trying to decide whether she was more beautiful grave or smiling.

"There is a gulf between you and me, Lord Neville!"

"Cecil, if you please!"

"A gulf——"

"Which love can stride across," he said. "That is, if you are going to draw up a list of comparisons! As if there could be any comparison between Doris Marlowe, the great actress, and Cecil Neville, the stupid dragoon!"

"And future marquis!" she said. "Ah! I know! Yes, there's a gulf!"

"Look here, Doris," he said, taking her hand, which she had withdrawn, and kissing each finger separately; "don't talk nonsense. I'm a future marquis. All right. I don't deny it."

"You cannot."

"Just so—I cannot. But I'm not a marquis at present. I'm simply Cecil Neville! I'm not even a dragoon, for—confound him!—the marquis made me retire! I'm simply nothing, while you—you!" he emphasized the pronoun by raising the edge of her dress and kissing it, "you are a great and famous actress——"

"And outside the pale of society," she said, with sudden wisdom.

"Society!" he exclaimed, "what do I care for that? I never cared very much for it; at this moment I care less. You are society enough for me!"

No woman could have been otherwise than touched by his devotion; she allowed him to retain her hand.

"If you only knew what a sacrifice you are making, my darling!" he said, smilingly. "Why, presently you will appear in London, and will find the world at your feet; and they will all be in love with you, peasant—only there are no peasants in London—and peers! I daresay you would have an offer from a duke! Think of that! And you have pledged your troth to a simple viscount!"

"I am satisfied," she said, with a smile.

"And precious little you have to be satisfied with!" he said, "for I am a poor kind of viscount. I am entirely at the mercy of the great marquis—the Marquis of Stoyle! He forced me to leave the army, where I had a chance, and he keeps me on starvation allowance. Oh! you had better have waited and hooked your duke, Doris!"

She laughed softly, but the laugh was rather a grave one.

"What will the marquis say?" she asked, looking at him with her brows drawn, her lovely eyes half curious.

Lord Neville smiled.

"He will be sure to say something disagreeable; he always does."

"But tell me," she insisted gently. "Or shall I tell you?"

"You couldn't," he said. "That beautiful face of yours couldn't manage to look like the marquis's hard, stony one, and certainly your voice that is just like music——"

"Shall I get up and curtsey?" she put in, with a faint smile.

"You needn't; it's no compliment. No, you couldn't harden your voice to anything approaching the marquis's steely, icy tones."

"No?" she said absently; then suddenly she sat upright, and her face grew set and cold, and her eyes hardened with a disdainful hauteur. "So, Cecil!" she said, and her voice was stern and cuttingly scornful, "so you have made up your mind to marry—what is it?—a dairymaid,—no, pardon me!—an actress! An actress, a social pariah, a person one pays one's money to see upon the stage, to make us laugh for an hour or two, but with whom one would rather not be seen walking in the public streets; and you propose to marry this—this girl? Well, do so, but remember that in marrying her you cut yourself off from me and the world to which you belong, that you sink into the mud from which you sprang, and are utterly ruined, a social suicide!"

Lord Neville sat and stared at her.

It was not the words, dramatic though they were, which amazed him, but the face, the voice.

"Why, Doris," he said at last, "you have seen, you know the marquis?"

She shook her head as her countenance resumed its own girlish freshness and beauty.

"No," she said gently. "I have never seen him."

"No? Well, of all the extraordinary likenesses! It was my esteemed uncle the marquis—making an allowance for the difference in age and the rest—to a point!"

"You forget that I am an actress," she said with a little sigh. "It was easy enough, as easy as to guess what he—what anyone in his position would say to his nephew and heir when he told him what he proposed doing! It is something like what he would say, is it not?"

"It was a wonderful imitation of the marquis's expression and way of talking—wonderful, darling!—but I don't think he would have said so much. But there, what difference can it make what he says or thinks, eh, Doris?" he broke off.

"But will it make no difference?" she asked, leaning forward, her hands clasped on her knees, her eyes fixed dreamily on the ground. "I know there must be a sacrifice: let me know how great a one. What difference will it make?" and she looked at him.

Lord Neville frowned slightly as he thought of the speech his uncle had addressed to him after dinner on his first night at the Towers, and she saw the frown and sighed.

"The sacrifice would be greater even than I thought," she said. "Is it not so? I—yes, I am so ignorant of the world. I know nothing about it, excepting what I have learned from books and plays——"

"Don't say another word!" he broke in, almost grimly in his earnestness. "Every word you say makes me ashamed! Do you think I set anything in the scales against your love? The marquis may say and do what he pleases: he may curse or bless me, and it won't make any difference! All the same—I mention it for your sake, and not my own, you seem so afraid, my darling: he can't rob me of the title, and if he could I would surrender it rather than lose you. Lose you!" he exclaimed, with his short laugh. "Look here, Doris, I'd rather be your husband, and—and sweep a crossing, than marry another woman and be the future King of England! That sounds rather high and lofty, doesn't it? But I'm rather bad at expressing myself, and it's as near as I can get to my meaning!"

"It is near enough," she said with a smile, her heart giving a little leap at his ardent, manly avowal.

"And that's enough of the marquis," he said. "We've forgotten quite as important a person, it seems to me. Your guardian, Doris!"

She started slightly.

"Jeffrey!" she murmured. "Ah, yes!"

"Yes," said Lord Neville. "Now I value his goodwill quite as much as I do my uncle's, and I don't feel at all sure that I shall get it. You see, with all deference to you, sweetheart——"

Sweetheart! She whispered the word to herself and glowed over it.

—"I'm not, in all points, the very best kind of young man for a husband, and your guardian is very likely to remark it. What if he should refuse his consent?"

Her face grew faintly troubled.

"Jeffrey refuse!" she said almost to herself. "N—o. Not if——"

"Not if you wished for it very much?" he said, divining her meaning. "I see! And I'm not surprised. I can't imagine any man stony-hearted enough to refuse you anything, even such an unwise thing as this! Look here, Doris, I'll go back home with you and see him."

The trouble on her face grew more marked.

"I hate suspense and delay and, well, I want to feel sure, quite sure, that you are my very own! You don't my going home with you and telling him straight out, do you?"

She was silent a moment, then she looked at him hesitatingly.

"No, do not. I—" she stopped; "I think I would rather see him first. I—I could tell him. Ah, do you not see how suddenly it would come upon him? How unprepared——"

He nodded.

"You haven't told him anything about me?"

The color rose to her face.

"No," she said, and her eyes were downcast. "No, I have not told him; he would he would be so surprised and—— I will see him first and tell him."

"All right," he said, "Then, to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow," she said, with a little sigh of relief. "I wish I could tell you all he has been to me, how tender and loving: father, mother, brother! Ah, I have had no one else but him in the world, and he has devoted all his life to me!"

"I will never forget that," said Lord Neville gravely, "and I will try and thank him to-morrow! Yes, I can understand how hard it will seem to him to have to lose you. But, Doris, he need not do that. He has stood in a father's place to you; I shall not oust him from it, or separate you from him. There is room in that big heart of yours for both of us, isn't there?"

She turned to him as if moved by an irresistible impulse, and held out her hands, and her eyes were full of tears.

"If I had not loved you until this moment, I should now," she said, in a low voice.

Of course he captured the little quivering hands, and they sat in silence for a minute or two. Then suddenly she started.

"The time!" she exclaimed. "I had forgotten! There is a rehearsal," and she sprang to her feet. "No, no!" pressing her fingers on his shoulder. "You must not come—not an inch of the way. I—I want to be alone to think—to think!" she stopped, with a little, dazed air, and smiled down at him.

"Oh, if you are tired of me—" he said, with loving mockery. "To-morrow, Doris, in the morning?"

"Yes, to-morrow—oh, what a long time!" she whispered, almost inaudibly. "Let me think. If I cannot come,—there may be a rehearsal——"

He looked disappointed—manlike.

"I shall be here," he said, "and I'll wait all day if you like."

She laughed softly, her eyes dwelling upon him lovingly.

"Without your lunch or your dinner?—that would be too much. No; if you come and I am not here, leave some message for me," she looked round: "write me a word, and put it under this big stone by the tree there."

"All right," he said. "But you will come, if not in the morning, in the afternoon—some time! Remember, I am to see your guardian to-morrow!"

"Yes," she said. "But do you remember, too, that I am not my own master, Lord Neville, that I belong to the public."

"Indeed, Miss Marlowe?" he said, retorting the formality upon her. "I was under the impression that you belonged to me!"

"Ah, yes," she murmured, with sweet surrender, as he held her in his arms.

"We've forgotten one part of the ceremony," he said. "People when they are engaged give each other a ring: I wasn't conceited enough to think that you'd listen to me, or I would have bought one."

"Have mine," she said. Then, suddenly, she disengaged her hand, and held it up, and swiftly drew from her finger a quaint old silver ring. "See," she said, the color stealing into her face. "Will you have that?"

"Will I?" he said, taking it, hand and all.

"What a small hand you have," she said, laughing softly. "It is too large for your little finger; you had better give it back to me."

"It will be a bad day for me when I do," he said grimly, "for I shall be limp and cold."

"Or faithless," she said, with a smile.

Then before he could retort, she touched his lips with hers, murmured his name, and was gone.

He watched her until the slight, girlish figure had vanished, then went slowly to his horse, mounted, and rode slowly away.

A minute or so afterwards a lady and gentleman came out from amongst the trees. The gentleman was Spenser Churchill, the lady—Lady Grace.

He wore his usual bland, benevolent smile, intensified, if anything, as he looked after the disappearing horseman, but Lady Grace was white almost to pallor, and stood biting her under lip, and breathing heavily.

"What a charming pastoral!" he said, with his smooth, oily laugh: "Adam and Eve, or Edwin and Angelina, in Goldsmith's poem,—you know it, dear Lady Grace?—were never more poetical or touching! Really, one cannot help feeling grateful to the happy chance which enabled me to be a witness of so moving and charming a scene."

"Chance!" she said, and her voice sounded thick and forced. "You knew that they would be here when you asked me to come!" and she shot a glance of scorn and hate at him.

"I, my dear lady! Now how was that possible? Do you think our enamoured Cecil would confide his appointments to me? And not having the inestimable privilege of knowing the lady——"

"She is the actress—the girl we saw last night!" she muttered, between her teeth; "an actress—a painted——"

"Was she painted? Yes, I daresay! I am, alas! rather near-sighted," he said, smiling as he recalled the youthful bloom of Doris's sweet face. "Ah! yes, I daresay! But perhaps our dear Cecil is near-sighted, too! At any rate, he seems very—ah—very far gone, does he not?"

"He is mad!" she almost hissed.

"You think, then, that he—ah—means this quite seriously? You know so much more of the world than I, dear lady!—you think he would marry this interesting young creature?"

A light of hateful hope—such a light as shamed her womanhood—flashed for a moment in Lady Grace's eyes; then as it died out she said moodily, scornfully,—

"Oh, yes, he is mad enough for that! Oh, yes, he would—even—marry her!"

"Indeed! Really. How charming. So romantic," pursued Spenser Churchill. "The future Marchioness of Stoyle an actress, a provincial actress! Clever, oh certainly, and beautiful—ahem!—well with her paint and powder, of course; but provincial, quite! And the future marchioness! Let me see, when was the marquisate created?"

His smooth, suave speech almost frenzied her.

"Why do you exasperate me?" she exclaimed, between her teeth, and turning upon him. "Why have you brought me here? To laugh at me, to mock me with this—this scandalous scene? You know he'll marry her, unless——"

"Unless?" he said softly. "Unless an accident happens. And accidents do happen,—alas!—so often in this unsatisfactory, disappointing world."

She watched his face eagerly, with a faint glimmer of hope on her face, which was still pale and eloquent of the fierce jealousy which racked and tore her.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, half angrily, half pleadingly.

He smiled unctuously.

"'Twixt the cup and the lip.' The old, old adage, dear Lady Grace. These young people, in the full flush of their mutual passion——"

She bit her lip till two red spots showed where the white even teeth had pressed.

—"Doubtless think that their path to happiness is quite plain and smooth. Alas! I fear they will find that the road is stony and difficult. It is a pity, a thousand pities! It is so sweet to see two hearts that beat as one——"

"Cease!" she said, as if she could endure his soft mocking voice no longer. "What will you do? What can you do? He is mad and—and headstrong. How can you prevent—" she stopped suddenly, and stooping, picked up something from the grass.

"Ah!" he said. "Treasure-trove! What is it? A broken sixpence? No! A ring—*the* ring!"

She held it almost at arm's length as if it were some noxious reptile, then with a gesture of scorn and hate, she raised her

hand as if to throw the ring from her; but instantly he seized her arm, and his soft, fat hand slid down until it had reached and secured the ring.

"Dear me, dear me!" he murmured, as he held it up. "How sorry he will be, how——" he stopped suddenly, and his eyes seemed riveted to the ring. then, as he became aware of Lady Grace's fixed gaze, the benevolent smile returned to his face. "Actually lost it a few minutes after she had given it to him! Now some superstitious persons would call that a bad omen. Are you, superstitious, dear Lady Grace?"

"Give it to me, let me throw it——" she said with malignant intensity.

He held it out of her reach, surveying her with smiling scrutiny.

"No, really you must not. Poor Cecil ——" he stopped suddenly, and the expression of his face changed. His quick ears had caught the sound of a horse's hoofs.

Touching her arm he signed to her to follow him, and slid back behind the trees. She followed him, and, looking over her shoulder, saw Lord Cecil galloping towards them.

He cleared the hedge, and, dropping from the horse, walked quickly to the spot where they had stood, and commenced to search in the grass with anxious eagerness. He went down on his knees, and examined every inch of the spot where Doris and he had sat, groped along the bank where t ey had stood, and hunted every likely spot.

They could see his anxious face, hear his half-muttered ejaculations of disappointment, and Spenser Churchill, with the ring in his hand, smiled sweetly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ring was nowhere to be seen! Full of pain and remorse, Lord Cecil was obliged to admit to himself that it was gone beyond recovery; he might search for a week, a month, and not find it, for it might have dropped off his finger and fallen at any spot between the tree and the brook.

"My darling's ring!" he murmured aloud, so that the two listeners could hear him where they stood concealed; "my darling's ring! I would give all the Stoyle jewels to get it back!"

Then he mounted slowly, and with many a backward glance, as if he hoped that even at the last moment he might get a glimpse of it shining among the grass, he rode off.

Then the thought of his happiness rose as a tide and swept away his distress: he had lost the ring, but Doris—beautiful, sweet Doris—was still his!

It seemed too wonderful, too good to be true, and he recalled every word she had spoken, every glance of her love lit eyes, that he might impress them on his memory.

The air seemed full of her: the birds seemed to sing her name, "Doris, Doris Marlowe"; all the earth, clad in its bright spring colors, was smiling a reflection of the delirious joy that burnt like a flame in his heart.

She was so beautiful! He tried to think of the girls that he had known, that he might compare them with her; but they all seemed insipid and colorless beside the intense, spiritual loveliness of Doris, with her deep, melting eyes, and grave, clear brows. And she was not only beautiful, but a genius. Every word she spoke was lifted out of the region of commonplace by her marvellous voice with its innumerable changes of expression. The touch of her small, smooth hand lingered about him yet, the shy kiss of her warm lips burnt upon his brow.

What had he done to deserve so great, so overwhelming a happiness? And as he asked himself the question Cecil Neville's face grew grave, and a pang shot through his heart, a pang of remorse—and of shame—for some of the follies of his past life.

Doris was worthy of the best and noblest man in England, and he——! He set his teeth and breathed hard. He had laughed at love, had smiled almost contemptuously at passion, and now he felt that this was the only thing worth living for, and that rather than lose his darling he would ride his mare at the stone wall before him and break his neck.

Then he thought of the marquis and his own position. What would the marquis say? He laughed grimly as he pictured the scene before him. He could imagine the marquis's cold, haughty face turning to ice and steel as he listened, and the cutting, smiling voice bidding him marry his actress and go to the devil!

He was entirely dependent on the marquis; was in debt as heavily as even the heir to such a title and estates could be. What would the marquis do when he, Lord Cecil, told him that he could not marry Lady Grace, because he was going to marry—an actress!

"I wish to Heaven I were anything but what I am," he said to himself, with a sigh. "If I were only capable of earning my own living, a barrister, or a doctor, or an artist, or something, I could make a home for my darling then, but I am simply a useless, worthless being, who happens, unfortunately, to be the next-of-kin to the Marquis of Stoyle!"

What should he do if the marquis turned him adrift? His allowance would cease, his creditors would become pressing,—he would be ruined; and he would have to wait until the marquis died before he could make Doris his wife.

The thought was gall and wormwood. Much as he disliked his uncle, Cecil Neville was not the man to wish for his death. The marquis might live for ever, if only Cecil could marry his darling.

"If he only had a heart in his bosom, instead of a flint, and could see her!" he thought, as he rode on; "or if I were only a barrister or an artist, or anything that earns money enough to make my darling my wife!"

He was in no hurry to reach the Towers; it was far pleasanter to be alone, to think over his happiness, and he made a wide circuit, bringing Polly into the stable-yard just before the dressing-bell rang.

And, after all this thinking, this was the result: that he must try somehow to win the marquis's consent to his marriage.

He had intended going to the theatre, to feast his eyes and ears upon his beautiful love, but—with a pang—he resolved to dine and spend the evening at the Towers, and after dinner he would tell the marquis. Perhaps the old port would soften the old man's heart! Anyhow, he would tell him.

As he passed through the hall he almost ran against Spenser Churchill, who was coming out of the marquis's apartments.

"Ah, my dear Cecil!" he murmured, with a benevolent smile, "just got back? What a lovely evening! Have you enjoyed your ride? Did you notice the sunset? Quite a Leader! You know those beautiful pictures Leader paints, all crimson and mauve!"

Lord Cecil nodded and strode up the stairs to his rooms.

When he came down into th edrawing room, Lady Grace was seated at the piano, playing softly, and she glanced up at him with a smile.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day, Lord Neville?" she asked.

"Oh, I've just been loafing about," he said carelessly; "and you?"

"I am ashamed to say that I haven't been outside the grounds," she replied. "Mr. Churchill and I have been botanizing in the gardens. I told him that we really ought to do something in the way of exploring the neighborhood, but I could not induce him to go outside the gates. Are you going to the theatre to-night?" she asked innocently.

He started and bent over the music.

"Not to-night," he said.

"I didn't know," she said. "I myself should like to go and see that girl play Juliet again: It was wonderful!"

"Yes," he said in his curt way.

"Yes, she played it so remarkably well. But I'm afraid a second night would spoil the impression, wouldn't it?"

"I daresay," he said.

Then the bell rang, and he gave her his arm and took her into dinner.

All through the elaborate meal she seemed in the best and brightest of spirits, and her sallies of well bred merriment called a smile even to the face of the marquis.

Lord Cecil noticed that he was less bitter than usual, and that he refrained from making the sneering and contemptuous remarks with which he usually adorned the conversation.

Spenser Churchill, too, appeared in his most benevolent and amiable mood, and grew quite pathetic as he talked of his pet charity for distressed chimney sweeps.

The dessert came, and then Lady Grace took up her fan and left the room, and Spenser Churchill, after a single glass of claret, rose, and saying: "Don't let me disturb you two; I am going to ask Lady Grace for some music," glided out of the room.

The moment had arrived for Lord Cecil's announcement, and as he filled his glass, his face grew set and grave.

The marquis, instead of rising, seemed to linger over his wine, and leant back in his chair with a thoughtful air. Once he glanced at Lord Cecil curiously.

"Have you heard the news from Ireland, Cecil?" he said.

Lord Neville started, and set down his glass.

"No, sir. I have not seen the papers."

"I was not alluding to the papers," said the marquis, with a trace of his cold sneer. "I rarely read them; there is plenty of fiction in the library. But I have heard from my agent in Connemara. The country is very unsettled."

"Yes?" said Lord Cecil absently: he had his own ideas about Ireland, and they would probably have much astonished the marquis, who was a Tory of the old and thorough-going sort. But Lord Cecil was not thinking of Ireland, but of Doris Marlowe.

"I imagine you know that I—I suppose I ought to say 'we'—have a great deal of property there?"

Lord Cecil nodded.

"I suppose so, sir."

"Yes," said the marquis, glancing at him from the corners of his cold, keen eyes. "You don't take much interest in the matter—at present. But you will be marquis very soon, and then——" he laughed. "I don't envy you your Irish property!"

"I am in no hurry to possess it, sir," said Lord Cecil.

"I daresay not."

"But I think the people have some reason for what they are doing."

"No doubt," assented the marquis drily. "You view the business from the patriotic side."

"I sympathise with the people," said Lord Neville firmly.

The marquis poured out a glass of wine and smiled coldly.

"Yes—you are young," he said. "But I'll admit the thing wants looking into and I'm to old to undertake the inspection.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ROSE.—Herodotus writes of roses in the garden of Midas, the son of Gordius, in Phrygia, that had sixty leaves, which grew of themselves, and had a more agreeable fragrance than all the rest.

The Centifolia is said to have been existent with the Greeks, and a great favorite, not only for its beauty of form but also for its perfume. At feasts, the roses were lavishly used by both the Greeks and the Romans.

Fabulous sums were spent to have them at all seasons. In the time of the Republic, the people had their cups of Falerian wine swimming with blooms; and the Spartan soldiers after the battle of Cirrha refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses; while at the Regatta of Baiæ, the whole surface of the Lucrine lake was strewn with the flowers.

Nero at his banquetings showered rose-water upon his guests from a hole in the ceiling; and when he honored the house of a noble with his presence, the host was compelled to have his fountains playing rose-water.

Indeed, on such occasions the ground was covered with rose-leaves, garlands of the flowers decorated the brows and necks of the guests, and a rose-pudding found a place in the repast itself.

The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose-leaves; the tyrant Dionysius had his couch filled with them; Verus would travel with a garland on his head and round his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net with rose-leaves intertwined.

Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights; and when Cleopatra entertained Antony, she had roses covering the floor to the depth, it is said, of an ell.

We are told that Heliogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from the abundance; he drank rose-wine to help digestion; he bathed in the same sort of liquid; and he had the public swimming-baths filled with the wine of the rose.

No wonder the ancients became unwell after breathing and eating and drinking and wearing and reclining on and walking over the fragrant flowers. But the worst of it was that when they became ill, they were given a rose-draught; and no matter what the ailment was, the same thing was prescribed in some form or other.

Oftener than not, the poor patient would succumb under the delicious treatment, and he would cease from living in consequence of a ruined digestion arising from a surfeit of sweets.

HORNS.—It is said that burning the button-like horn protuberance on a calf's head with caustic potash when the calf is about 10 days old will prevent further development of the horn. It appears that "the horns must go," and the most humane way would seem to be to prevent their growing, if possible.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WIVES' NAMES.—In Fife and Kincardine, Scotland, the fishers very frequently call themselves by their wives' surnames. Thus James Smith marries Mary Green. He signs himself, even in business-affairs, "James Smith Green."

SELLING THE GIRLS.—A singular custom exists in some of the towns on the Lower Rhine on Easter Day, namely, the selling by auction of young marriageable girls. For nearly four centuries the town crier, or clerk, of Saint Goar has called together all the young people, and the highest bidder has had the privilege of dancing with the girl he selects, and her only, during the year following. The proceeds of the sales are dropped into the poor-box.

SUPERSTITION.—In some parts of Sussex, England, there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trouser-leg before the left, you will never have toothache. To put a double nut in your pocket; to pare your finger-nails and toe nails, and wrap the parings in a paper, also are charms against the toothache. In other parts there is a custom of calling the toothache the "love pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration.

SPANISH FARMING.—One of our consuls writes from Cadiz to the State Department that farming in Spain is in a primitive state. Grain is cut with a small reaping hook and threshed as in the time of the Cæsars, by tramping it out with asses hitched to a stone-boat. The plough is a crooked stick pointed with iron. In the towns are to be seen heavy wooden carts drawn by oxen. Most of the carrying, transferring, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick, lumber—in fact, almost everything that has to be moved—is carried on their backs.

VENTILATING BEES.—A correspondent writing from Mauritius says—"I do not know whether it is generally known that here, and I believe in other tropical countries, there are in every hive what one can only describe as 'ventilating bees.' I mean that during the hot season two or three bees post themselves on their heads at the entrance of the hive, and fan the interior with incessant motion of their wings. They are relieved at intervals by fresh bees, who carry on the process. They are kept to their duty by a sort of patrol of bees to ensure their incessant activity. This is a well-authenticated and known fact."

ELEVATORS.—An inventor in Berlin thinks that he has devised a good elevator for private dwellings. It is on the principle of the inclined railway, the motive power being furnished by the city water applied in the cellar. Each flight has a separate chair, so that one person can go from the first to the second floor while another is on his way from the second to the third or still another coming down from the fourth to the third. The chair being only of the width of the human body requires but little space and still leaves a free passage for any who wishes to walk up or down. After the chair has been used it slides back to the bottom step, its descent being so managed that the carrying of a passenger is a matter of entire safety.

ST. CECILIA.—The twenty-second of November is the day honored of musicians. Saint Cecilia, the patroness of harmony, is then reverenced by all lovers of the divine art. The great miracle of her life resided in the power she possessed of bringing the angels down from heaven to listen to the melody produced by her touch upon the organ and the sistrum. Her parents had insisted upon her marriage with a young Pagan officer in the Roman army. But she converted him to Christianity, with every member of his family. For this, she was condemned to be beheaded. She was led to the scaffold, singing as she went with such divine harmony, that, according to Saint Chrysostom, her accents had the effect of lighting a heavenly fire in the most hardened heart. Saint Augustine chronicles his practice of the holy melodies sung by Saint Cecilia as the greatest and most elevating of the influences which tended to his conversion. While the lictor's axe hung suspended above her head, the lovely strains still poured from her lips. So beautiful were they, that the man paused to listen, and the Saint, looking upwards in his face, signed to him to give the blow. Mechanically he obeyed, but no sooner was the deed accomplished than, full of remorse, he flung himself upon the bleeding corpse and proclaimed himself a Christian.

"SOME OTHER DAY."

BY J. C.

When the unpleasant things in life
Come flocking round our way,
The weaklings try to leave the strife
Until "some other day."

While brave souls, with undaunted front,
Meet them as they appear,
And face them out, and bear the brunt
Without a show of fear.

We never put our pleasure off
As they come passing by;
At half our troubles we could scoff
If we would only try.

When pleasures come or troubles rise
Meet them the self-same way;
Take them when here, if you are wise,
And not "some other day."

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"YOU CANNOT see my father this morning, Lucille."

"But I must see him! Let me pass, please."

"Indeed, Lucille, it is quite impossible!" cried the girl tearfully. "My father was taken very ill an hour ago. Doctor Grieves is with him now; and my aunt is going to write to Sir Augustus Rolls to come down from London."

"That is all the more reason why I should see him without delay. I have something of the very greatest importance to tell him; it concerns my own affairs—my marriage, in short."

"Oh, my dear Lucille, you do not understand how ill my dear father is. He has had a terrible attack of the heart. For the first few minutes your aunt and his servants believed him to be dead; but he has now rallied, thank Heaven, and seems slightly better. I have not been allowed to see him, but I am waiting to catch the Doctor as he comes out of his room in order to learn the truth."

"I will wait with you then," answered Lucille, looking slightly cowed and frightened.

It was the morning after the ball, and the girls stood at the end of the corridor up-stairs which led to Lord Elwyn's bed and dressing rooms.

Kathleen had been up betimes, and immediately upon coming down-stairs had been met by the bad news of her father's sudden attack of illness. Lucille however had breakfasted in her own room, and, knowing that Lord Elwyn, who was an early riser, was frequently up and dressed, writing letters in his dressing-room, for a long time before he came down-stairs, she had intended to waylay him there and reveal to him all that she intended to say about his daughter before he came down to join the rest of the party.

She was therefore slightly disconcerted to meet Kathleen standing outside the door of her father's apartments, and still more dismayed to hear that Lord Elwyn was too ill to see her. She meant however to achieve her purpose at any cost.

The girls waited where they were for some time. Kathleen was crying in one window; Lucille was drumming her fingers impatiently up and down on the panes of the other. Neither of the girls spoke.

Presently the door opened and Doctor Grieves came out. His face was very grave and anxious.

"I am afraid your father is very ill, my dear," he said.

"Oh, but he will get better, Doctor Grieves—say he will get better!" wailed Kathleen.

"My dear young lady, that is what neither I nor any one else can say for certain. All I can tell you is that he is better than he was an hour ago, and that whilst there is life there is hope; but his condition is most critical at present."

Kathleen sobbed bitterly.

"Is my uncle conscious?" inquired Lucille.

"Yes; I am glad to say that he is at this moment quite conscious."

"Then, Doctor, it is imperative that I should see him at once on a matter of extreme importance."

"My dear Miss Maitland, that is utterly impossible! If it were a matter of life or death, I could not allow you to see him now! Everything depends on his being kept quiet and quite free from any kind of agitation. What I was going to ask you young ladies to do is to go and tell your guests who are staying here how matters stand, so that they may at once disperse. We must keep everything perfectly quiet and free from noise in the house."

"I will go immediately, Doctor," said Kathleen.

There was a mutinous look in Miss Maitland's eyes which the Doctor noticed, and which made him add—

"I am going to place a man-servant in this passage with strict orders to let no one come into it; I have sent for the man, in fact, and shall stop here myself until he comes."

There was nothing for it but to go. Down-stairs the girls found that Lady Elwyn had preceded them and was telling their friends how ill her husband was. She was very pale, but perfectly composed.

Very soon all the guests who had been stopping at the Castle for the ball had packed up their trunks and were taking a hurried leave of their hostess with expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

Within an hour no one remained save Sir Adrian and Colonel Elwyn, and, oddly enough, Mr. Laurence Doyle, who seemed to take it for granted that his absence was not desired by the family.

Lucille had privately requested him to remain.

"For Heaven's sake, don't go, Laurie!" she had said to him, seeing that he was following the other guests up-stairs on hearing of Lord Elwyn's critical condition. "I shall simply kill myself if I have no one to talk to! Everybody will be weeping and wailing; the house will be like a cemetery. For goodness' sake, stop to amuse me—let me have one rational soul to speak to!"

Of course he was only too glad to remain. He went up to Lady Elwyn, and asked her permission to stop on.

"Will you allow me to stay, Lady Elwyn? I cannot bear to leave you in all this trouble, and I might be of some use perhaps to you or to the young ladies."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it!"

Lady Elwyn was worried and anxious, and did not pay much attention to him. She turned away quickly to speak to Sir Adrian.

"Adrian, this is a dreadful business! Your wedding will have to be postponed. I don't know how Lucille will take it. Even if Lord Elwyn recovers, it will be impossible for the marriage to take place as soon as we arranged. You must break it to her."

"Certainly I will, Lady Elwyn. Would you like me to go away?"

"Oh, no—pray do not go—Lucille will want you, and, besides, that horrible young man—he has asked to stop."

"What—Mr. Doyle?"

"Yes; I can't imagine why. Lucille likes him, I fancy. You had better take him out shooting to-day."

Nothing could have presented a greater contrast to the brilliant scene that had lasted till the morning than old Clortell Towers on this day.

The great rooms were still dismantled and empty, the fragments of decorations—burnt-down candle-ends, a litter of tulle and lace shreds about the floor, crushed flowers that had been trodden under foot, and jet beads that had fallen from beauty's skirts—were being swept together by awe-struck-looking house maids.

The occupants of the house crowded together in Lady Elwyn's morning-room, and took their luncheon in a small ante-chamber where a table had been hastily prepared for meals.

The whole house looked desolate and woe-begone, and upon every face within it, from Lady Elwyn down to the meanest scullery-maid, was depicted that anxious consternation which a serious and possible fatal illness awakens in every one connected with it.

After luncheon, Sir Adrian, complying with Lady Elwyn's request, took Laurence Doyle out shooting, much to Lucille's disgust, as she had promised herself a long walk with her young admirer. She retired sulkily to her own bed-room with a novel.

Colonel Elwyn felt that he ought not to leave the house lest an emergency should arise, and sat in the library with the newspapers; whilst Kathleen was too genuinely unhappy about her father to be able to occupy herself in any way.

Three weary days went by. Lord Elwyn did not actually get worse; but he did not rally, as Doctor Grieves had expected. On the morning of the third day there were fresh symptoms which caused him renewed anxiety, and he at once advised Lady Elwyn to telegraph to London for the great London physician with whom he desired to consult.

A hired nurse had from the first moment of Lord Elwyn's seizure been sent for from town, and had proved herself a most efficient help; but everybody felt glad to think that Sir Augustus Rolls had been summoned, and they awaited his arrival with the keenest anxiety.

Kathleen hoped everything from his visit, and, when the time drew near for him to come, she was so restless and excited that she could settle to nothing, and only roam idly and feverishly about the hall, looking out every minute down the avenue and looking for the London Doctors arrival.

Meanwhile the sick man was lying quietly on his bed in the darkened room, and was at any rate no worse.

Lady Elwyn often crept noiselessly into the room, but the hired nurse sat at the head of the bed and would not permit any one to speak or disturb the patient. On the morning of the third day however all at once Lord Elwyn opened his eyes and spoke.

"Adelaide!"

Lady Elwyn bent over the bed.

"Is Alfred here?"

"He is down-stairs, Edward. Do you want him?"

"Bring him to me at once, without delay," he said.

Doctor Grieves himself went to find the Colonel.

"It will be better to humor him, whatever he says to you," he said to him as they went up-stairs together. "He is certainly no worse—in fact, I am more hopeful than I was a couple of hours ago; but I could not answer for the consequences if he were to be in any way excited or agitated."

"I wish to speak to my cousin alone," said Lord Elwyn as they entered the sick-room.

The Doctor and nurse retired to the ante-room, and Colonel Elwyn remained alone with his brother.

A quarter of an hour later Dr. Grieves came down-stairs and sought out Kathleen in her loneliness.

She was standing leaning listlessly against the morning-room window; her eyes were swollen with crying, and all her pretty color had flown.

She was saying to herself, "If papa had been well, I had meant to throw myself upon his kindness and to confess the whole of my miserable story to him. That was good advice that Colonel Elwyn gave me at the ball when he counselled me to tell my secret, whatever it was, to papa, and to ask him to protect and help me. Yes, and I would have done so, and have trusted to him to forgive me; but now I shall perhaps never be able to tell him anything again. Well, Alfred Elwyn has been kind to me; whatever his character may be, I shall always be grateful to him for his kindness, although, even if I did not love some one else, I could never, never marry him—in fact, I can never dare to marry anybody so long as Tom Darley is alive. All I can do is to be firm and refuse to marry Tom; but I should never dare to provoke him to retaliate upon any innocent man. If my poor dear father dies, I shall have no one to help me; but he will not at any rate know how unhappy his poor Kathleen is."

"Miss Elwyn, your father is asking for you," said a voice behind her.

Kathleen started violently.

"For me, Doctor Grieves? Is he worse?"

"No; on the contrary, I think him distinctly better, or I should not allow him to see any one. Colonel Elwyn is with him now."

"And am I to go when Colonel Elwyn leaves him?"

"No; he wishes to see you at once whilst the Colonel is still with him."

"Oh, Doctor, must I really go?" she cried, trembling, and clasping her hands together.

"My dear young lady, you need not be frightened. In your father's appearance there is nothing that will shock you; he is very little altered—only very pale."

"Oh, it is not that!" cried Kathleen. "I am not afraid to see him! But what—what is that he has to say to me?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell! I can only say that it is something of importance, and presumably relates to some plan for your future in which Colonel Elwyn is concerned."

The Kathleen knew very well what it was.

"Doctor, if I could not agree to my father's plan—if I were compelled to refuse any request he may make to me?"

"My dear Miss Elwyn, you must on no account do so. Whatever your father asks of you it is absolutely necessary that you should assent to."

"You mean——"

"I mean that a refusal might cost him his life."

"Oh, Doctor!"

"Yes; pray understand me. His heart is much affected that the smallest agitation, the very slightest excitement, might be fatal. You must fall in with his requests, whatever they may be, even if hereafter you are compelled to break your promises to him. If you thwart him, he may—I do not say he would, but he may—die instantaneously. Have I made this clear to you?"

She bowed her graceful head in assent, and, white as ashes, followed him up-stairs in silence.

Never throughout the whole of her after-life could Kathleen forget the solemn and impressive scene that followed—never did the memory of that interview fade or grow faint in her mind.

The large half-darkened room was dimly lit more by the flickering fire-glow than by the gray light that struggled feebly through the half-draped windows; upon the large old-fashioned carved bedstead lay the sick man, propped up with pillows and covered by a rich quilt of ancient satin brocade.

Lord Elwyn's face was white and haggard, his gray hair pushed away in an unnatural fashion from his brow; his sunken eyes were fixed earnestly upon herself as she entered.

On the farther side of the bed Colonel Elwyn stood erect, looking very serious and solemn. The Doctor closed the door upon her, and they were left alone—they two and the sick man.

"Kathleen, come here!" he whispered.

She crept up from the other side of the bed and took his outstretched hand.

"Are you better, papa dear?" she said timidly.

"I shall never be better in this world, my child. The doctors may patch me up for a week or two, but they cannot do more for me."

Kathleen's tears fell fast; she could not speak. With her own eyes she could see the impress of death on her father's face, and she felt that he was only speaking the truth.

"Listen to me, Kathleen. I have sent for you so that you may take a load off my mind and enable me to die in peace. I want you here, over this bed from which I shall probably never rise again, to take hold of Alfred Elwyn's hand and to swear to be his wife."

Her frightened eyes met the Colonel's. He seemed distressed by the pale horror in her face; but for all that there was a gleam of exultation in his eyes.

Her father held her hand; he now took Alfred Elwyn's hand on the other side, and drew them together over his breast. For a moment Kathleen shrank and cowered away and her hand resisted the enforced pressure, but then the memory of the Doctor's words of emphatic and solemn warning swept back across her tempest-tossed soul—"If you thwart him, he may die instantaneously."

Her nerveless fingers offered no further resistance. A faintness came over her so that the whole room swam and whirled before her eyes; then, gathering courage, she cast one look of passionate entreaty, of wild hunted despair, at the dark sinister face on the opposite side of the bed.

Alas, she might as well have appealed to a statue of bronze! Colonel Elwyn averted her eyes; and, as she watched the dull glow on his strange prominent features, she realized for the first time that, for all his kind words and ways, Alfred Elwyn had a hard and cruel nature, and some words of poor old Gorman's came back to her memory.

"He has nice manners, miss; but don't you be taken in by the Colonel—he is a bad man, and has a bad heart," the faithful creature had once said to her.

There was no relenting in that fixed serious face. Colodel Elwyn was not going to be such a fool as to throw away the trump cards which had so opportunely fallen into his hands.

He meant to marry Kathleen; and he did not conceive it possible—unless he was so foolish as to release her from it—that she could go back from an oath given in such circumstances—literally across her dying father's body.

"Swear it, Kathleen—and you too, Alfred," urged the sick man, holding the two hands which he had clasped together in his own.

And so they swore, both of them, that they would marry each other not later than Kathleen's twenty-first birthday, on the ensuing third of April.

"Now," said Lord Elwyn to his cousin and heir—"now go and send off a man on horseback at once to Clorchester to fetch Williams. It will be better to conclude this business at once; and I am in haste to make those further arrangements for the benefit of Kathleen and yourself of which I have spoken to you."

Mr. Williams was the solicitor who had already drawn up Lord Elwyn's will, and the sick man had spoken to his heir ten minutes before concerning certain sums of money which he had previously arranged to leave to his wife's niece, but which he designed to add to his daughter's already large portion, so as to swell her dowry if she consented to the marriage.

Colonel Elwyn went away at once to send off a messenger to the town; and Kathleen, very pale and trembling, was left sitting by her father's bedside, stroking his weak hand in here and endeavoring to calm the tumult at her poor miserable heart.

"Will he let me off?" was what she asked herself in despair. "When I throw myself on his mercy, and point out to him that I was literally forced into that promise, will he be generous and give it back to me?"

But something in his face told her he would never do so.

Half an hour of weary waiting went by. The nurse crept back into the room, but signed to Kathleen to remain still where she was. Lord Elwyn seemed to be dozing, but kept fast hold of his daughter's hand.

After a while his fingers slackened upon hers, and she was able to slip her hand away. In the death-like stillness that reigned in the house she caught the sound of wheels outside. She rose and crept to the window.

Up the avenue she perceived two carriages driving rapidly to the house. The first was the brougham that was bringing Sir Augustus Rolls from the station; the second was the lawyer's dog-cart. They arrived almost simultaneously at the door.

Meanwhile Lucille Maitland had spent her time that day very comfortably indeed over a French novel in the little sitting-room which opened out of her bedroom.

She had dressed herself in a loose crimson-plush tea-gown trimmed with soft cream-colored lace, and, drawing up her arm chair to the fire, sat toasting her feet upon the fender and placidly reading her book.

"Let me know the instant the gentlemen come in from shooting," she said to her maid, "and then bring tea up here."

For Adrian religiously took Mr. Doyle out of the way every afternoon.

The maid, who could not conceive but what it was Sir Adrian whom she wished to see, duly fulfilled her behest, with the result that, when the tea-tray arrived, Sir Adrian Doverell walked into her snuggery after it.

Lucille turned round sharply.

"Oh, it's you!" she said, endeavoring to conceal her vexation.

"Yes; your maid said you wished me to come to tea with you; so I came just as I was"—looking down apologetically at his boots and gaiters. "Not a very tidy object for a lady's boudoir, I fear; but I was afraid of keeping you waiting."

Lucille was secretly anathematising her maid.

"What an idiot that girl is!" she thought. "I only wanted to know when they came in, that I might get hold of Laurie, and here I am saddled with Adrian!"

"Is Lord Elwyn any better?" asked Sir Adrian.

"I am sure I don't know," said Lucille. "No doubt he will be all right—these things are always exaggerated."

"I fear there is no exaggeration in this case," replied Adrian gravely. "Doctor Grieves told me privately that he thought very seriously of him this morning; but the London Doctor has just arrived, and is with him now, I hear; so we shall soon know the worst."

Lucille sat looking into the fire, her fingers tapping the arms of her chair.

"Then he is sure to die in any case?" she asked.

"One cannot tell; whilst there is life, you know, there is hope; but I fear it is too likely."

There was a silence. A glowing coal fell noisily upon the hearth. Adrian poured out some tea, and placed Lucille's cup by her elbow. Still her beautiful face was turned away from him, and a deep meditation seemed to possess her.

Who could guess what that beautiful woman was thinking? Was it of her postponed wedding-day—of the hopes and joy of wifehood, for which she would have to wait a little longer?

Or was it a sorrowful retrospect of the happy life she had led for years in her kind uncle's house, and which was now so nearly at an end?

Watching her, Adrian wondered if any such tender and womanly thought perchance filled her breast, or whether she was, as he sometimes fancied, incapable of any gentle or generous emotion.

"Lucille," he said softly, laying his hand upon her arm, "I fear that our wedding will have to be put off, my dear—for six months, at the very least."

"I know that," she answered shaking off his hand impatiently as she took up her tea-cup; "and a horrid nuisance it is too, with my trousseau nearly completed and all my bridesmaids settled upon!"

"One cannot help these things. Death does not stay his hand for trifles like those."

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't preach! Perhaps you are glad that you can't marry me next month."

"Why should you say that?"

"I thought perhaps you were secretly rejoicing at the prospect of consoling the desolate orphan."

Sir Adrian flushed a dull red. For a few moments he could not trust himself to speak; at last he said:

"Such a sneer is very unwomanly, Lucille. Poor Kathleen is indeed to be pitied; and, if any of us can do anything to comfort her in the trial that is in store for her, we should be brutal indeed to refuse to help her. But, Lucille, something urges me to speak to you to-day very seriously. Of late I have fancied that you are not satisfied with me—that your heart has somewhat gone from my keeping—that—that, in short you would like to break your engagement. If that is so, is not the present time of all others a good opportunity, and will you not have the courage to tell me so before it is too late?"

"What—that you may marry Kathleen Elwyn?" she cried angrily, springing to her feet and facing him with positive fury. "Is it likely that I should be such a big fool?"

"My dear Lucille, this is mere childish jealousy!"

"It is not; you know that it is not! You are always hanging about that milk-faced girl."

"Lucille, be reasonable," Sir Adrian urged.

With a strong effort she controlled herself.

"Very well, then, Adrian, I will be reasonable. Perhaps I am foolish to be jealous; but you must remember that jealousy generally implies love."

"Not always, Miss Maitland."

"Now then, listen to me. I am perfectly satisfied with you, Adrian; I care for you as much as I ever did, and have not the slightest wish to break off our engagement. Then, sir—will that please you?"

He took her proffered hand, and in common courtesy raised it to his lips; but he sighed deeply as he did so. He had risked his last stake, and had failed.

"Thank you, Lucille," was all he said to her.

"Now, then, if you please, Adrian, leave off hankering after Kathleen Elwyn," she said.

Sir Adrian rose to his feet impatiently.

"Pray drop this ridiculous idea! Miss Elwyn will in all probability marry the Colonel. It is her father's wish and Lady Elwyn's, and it is a marriage that will almost certainly take place."

"Will it? Oh, I am not quite so sure of that!"

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked in some surprise.

"When people sow the wind, they must expect to reap the whirlwind, we are told."

"What on earth do you mean by that, Lucille?"

"Never mind! I have my ideas—that is all. I can't explain further; but somehow I do not think that Kathleen will marry Alfred Elwyn."

And in her own heart she added, "Not if I can possibly prevent it."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TEA-HOUR was over. Lucille Maitland was lingering in the billiard-room knocking the balls about idly with her hand; Sir Adrian and Laurence Doyle were walking up and down the terrace outside smoking; Lady Elwyn and Kathleen, drawn together in a common anxiety, were upstairs on the upper landing. Every one was waiting for Sir Augustus Rolls's report. He was still closeted in Lord Elwyn's dressing-room consulting with Doctor Grieves.

Coming aimlessly to the open billiard-room door, Lucille noticed for the first time a gentleman with white hair neatly attired in a black frock-coat who was standing warming his feet by the fire in the hall. It was Mr. Williams, the solicitor.

"How do you do, Mr. Williams? Have you come for news of my poor uncle?"

"I have come to see him, Miss Maitland," replied the lawyer, shaking hands with the brilliant young lady whom he had spoken to once or twice before on his visits to the Castle on business. "Lord Elwyn has sent for me very urgently. I was to come at once. I arrived at the same time as the London Doctor."

"Oh, then you have not seen him yet?"

"No; I am to wait until after the doctors have gone."

"It is very cold—is it not, Mr. Williams?"

"Very, Miss Maitland!"—extending his fingers to the blaze. "A cutting east wind to-night! I cannot get warm at all; one gets perished driving about in an open trap!"

"There seems to me to be a dreadful draught in this hall! Do come into my aunt's boudoir! There is a nice fire there, and it is much warmer than in this great place."

Mr. Williams gratefully followed her. She led the way into Lady Elwyn's boudoir, on the farther side of the inner hall. It was a charming snuggery, curtained warmly and carpeted softly; a bright fire blazed merrily in the grate, and there was a lamp on the table.

Lucille rang the bell, and desired the footman to bring some sherry and biscuits for Mr. Williams; then she placed some newspapers and magazines on the table, and desired him to make himself quite comfortable.

"If you will stop here, Mr. Williams, and rest and warm yourself, I will come and let you know the very moment Sir Augustus Rolls's visit is over, and I will bring you the first news of what he says. Your horse and dog-cart have gone round to the stables, I think you said? Yes? Well, then, you have nothing to trouble about. Pray get thoroughly warm, and I will come back and fetch you at the proper time."

"I am sure you are exceedingly kind and thoughtful, Miss Maitland!" replied the grateful and somewhat astonished solicitor.

Lady Elwyn's niece had a character for being haughty and repellent in manner towards the smaller people in the neighborhood; he had not believed that she could have unbent so much.

"Ah, well," thought the good man, "human nature is much the same in all ranks of life, and a great sorrow like this softens the heart and makes us all sympathise with one another!"

He resigned himself very gratefully to his sherry and his newspapers; and, in the cheerful rustling of the sheets of the paper and the genial glow of the brown sherry as it trickled down his throat, the good man quite failed to hear the soft click of the key turning almost noiselessly in the lock of the door as it closed gently upon Miss Maitland's departing skirts.

"And there, my dear fellow, you will remain," said the young lady to herself, "un il it pleases me to let you out! Oh, yes—very certainly I intend to see Lord Elwyn before you do!"

As Lucille reached the outer hall, Sir Augustus was coming down the stairs, followed by Doctor Grieves and Colonel Elwyn. The great man's face was smiling.

"Quite room for hope, Colonel," she heard him say cheerfully. "A critical case, no doubt—very critical! But there are one or two symptoms which forbid us to despair. Extreme care of course will be essential, and the most unremitting attention to the treatment. The slightest relapse now would be fatal; but we have no grounds to apprehend a relapse—quite the contrary. In short——"

The Doctor's remarks died away upon her ears as the three gentlemen passed into the dining-room, where some refreshments had been prepared for Sir Augustus before his departure for the train. They had not noticed Lucille standing below them in the hall.

At that moment Kathleen came flying down the staircase half wild with excitement.

"He says there is hope—there is hope!" she cried. "Oh, Lucille, is it not delightful? He may get better after all! Where is my step-mother? Is she in her boudoir, Lucille?"

"No; I saw her go into the library about three minutes ago—you will find her there."

Kathleen turned away unsuspiciously from the boudoir and ran down the wide corridor which led to the library; whilst Lucille sped up-stairs with cat-like swiftness and noiselessness.

Now was her opportunity! The Doctors down-stairs, Kathleen seeking vainly for Lady Elwyn—whom Lucille knew to be in her bed-room—the tension of the watch about the patient's door relaxed for the moment—when could she find a fitter time for what she had to do?

The hired nurse was in the outer room tidying up the usual litter that attends a sick-room, rinsing out the medicine-glasses and laying down a fresh white cloth upon the table where the different concoctions of food and wine were standing.

She looked up as the beautiful young lady entered with a slightly heightened color upon her face.

Mrs. Hyam came from London, and was a stranger to the different members of Lord Elwyn's family; and had not seen Miss Maitland before to her recollection.

"Oh, nurse," cried the girl, "this is indeed good news about my dear uncle! Is it true that Sir Augustus Rolls says he will recover?"

"We hope so, miss—we hope so. I've sent for her ladyship. Do you know if she is coming?"

"Yes—immediately, I think. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, I wanted to run down to the housekeeper's room for a few minutes to prepare something very special—it's a solution which is to be laid upon his lordship's side. I haven't fire enough here; besides, I could do it much quicker down-stairs. I wanted her ladyship to sit a few minutes in the next room whilst I am gone."

"Can't I do that, nurse? Is there anything to be done?"

"Nothing, miss, but to sit still by the bedside and see that nobody comes in to disturb him. You said you was his lordship's niece, miss?"

"Yes; and, if I could be allowed to do anything for my dear, dear uncle—even such a trifling thing as this—I should be so grateful."

She raised her handkerchief to her eyes; her voice seemed to tremble; in the subdued light of the room she appeared to be crying softly.

"Pretty affectionate creature!" thought the nurse, who was a soft-hearted woman and always felt sincerely for the sorrows of the afflicted families amongst whom her lot was cast. "Don't cry, my dear," said the little woman kindly, patting the tall girl's shoulder with a soft motherly touch; don't cry! Your uncle will get well, I believe. It's all in God's hands, we know; but still we feel we may allow ourselves to hope for the best. Now you just creep into the next room softly and sit down in the chair by the bed. He seems to be dozing a little now. I think the Doctor's visit has tired him, and I've just given him a soothing draught. Don't speak to him unless he asks for anything; and, if the least thing goes wrong, touch the electric bell twice. I shall hear it downstairs, as I will leave the door of the housekeeper's room open. Whatever you do, don't let him excite himself, and agree to everything he says if he should happen to you. I shan't be gone outside of five minutes."

Lucille promised faithfully to obey Mrs. Hyam's injunctions to the letter, and with noiseless footsteps crept into the sick-room and took up her station in the chair behind the bed-curtains.

After a few moments, when she felt quite certain that Mrs. Hyam must have gone down-stairs, she drew back the bed-curtain with a quiet hand and look at the sick man.

Lord Elwyn was not asleep; his eyes were wide open, and they turned instantly towards the watcher by his bedside. A faint smile came to his lips upon seeing his wife's niece. It was the first time she had been near him since his illness had begun, and he was pleased at the attention.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FENCES.—Barbed-wire fences have been found to be cheap and easily constructed. The objection to them is that the barbs injure the stock. This depends on the management, however. Where a herd is very large some of the stock may be injured; but, as a rule, but little damage is done compared with the cost of keeping rail or board fences in order.

THE MAIDEN OF MY DREAMS.

BY W. L.

I hate the gaudy glare of day,
With all its bustling care;
Give me the hour when moonbeams play,
And peace reigns everywhere.

The midnight hour, when moonlight sweet
Falls o'er the silver streams,
For in that hour I fly to meet
The maiden of my dream.

I know she is no mortal maid,
Her face is all too fair;
No earthly hand could ever braid
That wealth of golden hair.

Yet gazing in thy glowing face,
My love, it more than seems
That in thy features I can trace
The maiden of my dreams.

My First Briet.

BY J. K. LEIS.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT DAY, ACCORDINGLY, I went there, and after a great deal of trouble after being met with a flat refusal here, referred there, and advised to apply elsewhere, until my patience was nearly exhausted, I managed to get a sight of the brooch. The inspector watched it narrowly all the time, as if one of us meant to steal it under his very eyes.

Deveritt turned the jewel over and over in his fingers, looked at the stones through a magnifying glass, touched one of them with a small instrument, scrutinized the back, gave it a prog here and a little pull there, and then laid it down.

"Well?" I asked.

He shook his head, implying that he would not speak in presence of the inspector, but that his report would do us no good. Then a thought occurred to me. Suppose a drawing were made of the brooch, perfect down to the minutest detail, perhaps Miss Marchmont's memory would bring back to her the way of opening it. I asked my friend if he could make a perfect sketch of the trinket. Easily, he said with a smile.

A bit of paper and a sharp pen were provided, and in half an hour a complete sketch of the brooch lay in my hand. I gave the police-sergeant a douceur for his trouble, and we left the office.

"That is a most valuable brooch," said my friend when we got into the street. "They are real jewels—no doubt of that. As to the picture, there may be one there, I can't tell. The plate at the back is quite thick enough to hold a miniature, and there is something that looks like a catch, but I could not open it without pulling the whole thing to pieces. If it does open, it was not made in this country, or possibly it is jammed up and out of order."

"Then it may have a secret opening after all?"

"It is quite possible. These foreign brooches and bracelets often have. Generally they are easily detected, but this one either is an exception, or, more likely, it is out of order, and I might hurt it if I used any force."

I thanked my friend and hurried quickly to Eaton Square to see Lucy Marchmont.

Lady Pendruhyn had not yet returned from Scotland, and Miss Marchmont was alone.

"Have you done anything yet?" I asked.

"I have written all these letters," pointing to a little heap lying on a table. "I have written to everyone I can think of who is at all likely to be able to tell me where Mrs. Evans is living now."

"That's right. And I have not been idle."

"What can you have done already?" she asked.

"I have taken a jeweler to see the diamond brooch."

"Oh, how good you are! And he says ——?"

"He says he cannot be sure whether a miniature is in the back of it or not, without breaking it up. There may be one, he says, but the trinket is not of English manufacture, and if there is an opening, it is closed by a well-contrived secret lock, or one that is out of order. I got him to make a drawing of it. Here it is. I thought it was just possible that your memory might perhaps bring back something to you if you studied it."

She took it and pondered it very carefully.

"Yes, this must be very exact," she said; "but I don't remember anything from that. I don't think I ever did open it myself, but I always supposed that that was because I was too young. You see this little knob, like a pin's head sticking out," and she pointed to a point near the hinge of the pin. "I have a fancy that when papa opened it he pulled out that, or pressed it in—no, he pressed it in. But when I tried to press it in with my tiny finger the picture would not move."

"Still that may be worth something: I'll speak to my friend Deveritt about it," I replied.

Our conversation then wandered into other channels, and I found that Lucy's aunt had given her a capital education. And not only was she what is called "educated," but she had a fresh, vigorous mind, and I found that, if I took up one side of a question and Miss Marchmont the other, I had to keep all of my wits about me.

But she had none of the airs of a learned woman; her manners had the refined simplicity, the naturalness which is one of the marks of one who has been accustomed to good society.

An hour went by imperceptibly, and I left Eaton Square more hopelessly in love than ever.

My first care was to go again to Arthur Deveritt and point out to him the tiny knob that Lucy had noticed.

"I saw it at once," he said, "and I tried to move it, but in vain. I think that is part of the catch, and, as it is quite immovable, I think the spring must be broken or something of that sort."

If this was the case, the hope of corroborating Lucy's story through the brooch was destroyed. The police would barely allow it to be touched, much less forced open.

The judge would never order Madame Harcean's property to be spoiled against her will, and she was not likely to give her consent. No; the hoped for "not guilty" seemed farther off than ever.

Suddenly a thought struck me.

"Deveritt," I said, "could you make me a brooch that would exactly resemble that one?"

"What a false one?"

"Yes, paste diamonds, and so on."

"Well, I suppose I could."

"I wish you would do it, then."

He looked at me half suspiciously.

"I mean to do nothing dishonest with it, my dear fellow. You may trust me for that," I said.

Still he hesitated.

"Of course I will pay you whatever it costs."

"It is not that," said he, "but I don't like imitating a real jewel—it looks like forgery."

"It all depends on the use you make of it," I replied. "I pledge you my word that no dishonest use shall be made of this copy."

He still hesitated.

"Deveritt," said I, "if you think you owe me anything, do this for me, or put me in the way of getting it done, and you will pay your trifling debt a hundred times over."

"I will do it," he said, "for your sake, and I will trust you to keep me harmless. Give me the drawing: I can do it from that for I took the measurements exactly. A jeweler would know it to be a false one," he went on, "and its owner might detect the difference, though even that is unlikely; no one else would suspect it for a moment."

"How long will it take you?"

"Three days."

"In three days, then, Deveritt; and I am for ever obliged to you."

In three days from that time I went to see Deveritt again. He placed the false brooch in my hand. I certainly should have thought it was the real one.

The gold was dimmed, the pin was blackened, to make it correspond exactly with the original. I took it, paid for the cost of the material—for the good fellow would take nothing more—thanked him warmly, and immediately presented myself at the Police Office.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

It was the same sergeant whom I had seen before.

"I have come to see that brooch again," I said, pulling the drawing out of my pocket. "There are one or two points in which this wants correcting."

"All right. You've got an order of course?"

"No, I haven't, and it's too late to get one to-day. Of course I could get one as easily now as I did before. I am Miss Marchmont's lawyer, you know."

The man hesitated. I dared not bribe him, as he would at once suspect that I wanted to make a tool of him.

"Come now," I said as persuasively as I could, "you might just as well do me this favor, and save me running about the Home Office all to-morrow morning."

"Very well," he said; "I can't see any harm in it. Come this way, sir."

He led me up stairs, lit the gas, opened a desk, took the diamond brooch out of its numerous paper wrappings, and laid it, in all its quaint yet dazzling beauty, on the desk before me.

I drew forward a chair, got a pen and a bit of blotting-paper, and proceeded to pretend to correct my friend Deveritt's sketch. The false brooch was at that moment lying in the sleeve of the left arm of my coat; and I was determined, if I could, to carry off the real brooch, leave the false on in its place, and spend the days that still remained before the sittings of the Central Criminal Court in endeavoring by skill or by force to discover the secret of the brooch. It was the only plan that I could possibly think of.

As for the danger of discovery, and the consequences, I did not stop to consider them.

One thing I was determined upon—Lucy Marchmont should not be convicted of felony and sent to hard labor or penal servitude if I could help it.

I sat there, then, under the flaming gas-jet, pretending to correct the sketch, and putting in many a stroke with an anxious face and a dry pen, while all the time the heavy sergeant sat on the opposite side of the desk watching me.

He never gave me a chance. He never took his eyes from me. I began to think that I must give it up for the present, and come back again next day, armed with a formal order to inspect the jewel, when suddenly a low whistle sounded in the room.

It proceeded from a speaking tube beside the fire-place. Some one wanted to speak to the sergeant. He would be forced to rise and speak through the tube. Now was the time.

I began to grow horribly nervous; I was far too nervous for this sort of work. I could not have spoken in a clear voice at that moment for a million of money. I dreaded lest my nerves should fail me at the critical moment; my muscles might refuse to act, or I might not be able to control the muscles of my face and my eyes would proclaim my secret design.

With an effort I controlled myself. I thought of Lucy Marchmont—thought of her lying on a bare hard board for a bed, confined with coarse, foul-tongued viragoes her delicate fingers forced to the hardest of menial toil; my teeth met; my head grew clear; my hand grew steady.

All this time the sergeant sat watching me, apparently taking no notice of the whistle. Either he had not heard it, or he was determined not to notice it. Was the opportunity to be denied me?

"I thought I heard a whistle," I said at last. "There it is again," for as I spoke it sounded again, sharp, peremptory.

The sergeant moved slowly from his seat, retreated backwards two steps to the fire-place, took up the tube, and sent the reply whistle, all without once taking his eyes off the object of his care.

I kept my eyes fixed on the brooch itself, and could not tell what the officer was doing, though I was not directly looking at him.

He now bent his head sideways and put his right ear to the end of the tube, still with his large eyes fixed on the brooch. I had no hope now, and threw myself back on my seat in despair. But fortune favored me.

The honest fellow was rather deaf as to his right ear. He could not make out what was being said. He whispered "I can't hear you, sir," down the tube; but it was of no use, he had to apply his left ear. And in doing so he had to turn his face away from me.

It was only for an instant that he did so, for only a word or two was spoken through the tube, but that instant was enough. Before he turned again the false brooch was lying in the place of the true one on the desk; and the one worth 600*l* was safe in my left-hand trousers' pocket.

"You'll have to come away now, sir," said he. "I'm wanted down stairs and I must look up that 'ere jewel."

"All right, sergeant," said I, trying to speak steadily, for my heart was thumping against my ribs like a door knocker. "I think I've done what I wanted. If I find I must come back again, I'll get an order in the usual way. I'm much obliged to you for your civility. Perhaps you'll drink my health," and I gave the man half-a-crown, for I did not dare to give him more.

He thanked me and proceeded to wrap up the false brooch in the envelopes of the true one, pausing to admire the glitter of its paste brilliants as he did so.

As for me I could hardly believe that I, Edward Winter, barrister-at-law, had robbed the police-office of diamonds worth 600*l*., almost under the eyes of the police. I was so nervous and excited a state, that I could hardly keep from laughing aloud in the street. I felt like a tipsy man.

"Now, my dear boy," said I to myself, "you have found your true vocation. You are not rouge enough to be a solicitor. You have not cheek enough to be a barrister. You want to grow brains before you can write opinions. But the sound, steady, old-fashioned business of a thief—that would suit you exactly."

I went into a restaurant, and had a couple of glasses of most awful sherry. Then I went straight to Eaton Square.

CHAPTER IV.

"HOW IN THE WORLD did you get that?" exclaimed Lucy, staring at me, as I drew the diamond brooch from my pocket.

"Got it? Why, from the police, to be sure. But I particularly wish you not to tell any one, and to be very careful not to mention incidentally that I have had this in my possession. It is supposed to be in the custody of the court, and I don't know what might happen if it were known that I had it."

"You don't run any danger, do you, Mr. Winter?"

"Danger? Oh no! but I don't wish it to get known."

"I'll be very careful. Now let us try to open it."

We probed it with needles; we pulled little projections and then pushed them in; we squeezed it this way and that way; we pressed the pin backwards and forwards; we did all we could think of, but it was of no use.

At last we gave it up in despair, and I was convinced that Lucy, if she had ever know how to open the brooch, had now entirely forgotten how to do it.

"The only thing I fancy I can remember," she said, "is that I used to accuse papa of having a key for it. I used to think that he had something concealed in his hand to open it with, but he always opened it by simply pushing in this little knob; but when I took it into my own hands, and tried to open it by pushing the knob, I found I couldn't, any more than I can now."

"Never mind it, Miss Marchmont; I want you to play that sonata again for me that you played when I was here on Tuesday. You remember it?"

She sat down to the piano, and I sat a little distance and watched her. I liked to make her play, because, her eyes being fixed on the music, I could, without being noticed, feast my own upon her handsome face.

Soon I forced myself away, and I thought, as we bade each other a lingering good-night, that surely she would understand my unspoken words. Yet, why should I wish her to know my feelings?

How could I ask her to marry me? and as I could not do that, would not any knowledge of my love, especially if it were in any degree returned, only cause her needless pain?

On my way back to my chambers I went into one or two shops and bought a small vice, some velvet, some fine bradawls, a small pair of pincers, a few common jeweler's tools, some soft wood, and a little wool (I had a natural taste for working with tools), and with these materials, after some trouble, I managed to make a sort of cushion, on which the front of the brooch could rest without injury. Then I fixed it firmly by means of the vice, which was screwed to my table.

While I was doing this the thought crossed my mind—what would the consequences be if my trick were discovered? I thought there was little chance of this, for if I could not succeed in substituting one brooch for the other at the police office or at the trial, as I hoped to do, all I had to do was to find Madame Harcean's address and send it to her anonymously. Even if she discovered her loss, I would not be suspected.

If I were found out, it would be difficult for me to convince any one that I had not been a thief, and unless I could clear myself, I would be convicted, disbarred, and ruined for life.

Would it not be possible to put on record some declaration of my real intentions, which might, in the event of things going wrong, be some evidence of my good faith? After a little reflection I hit upon this plan. I wrote a short account of the whole affair, with my reasons for making a private and thorough examination of the brooch. This

I sealed up and addressed to a friend of mine at the bar, of high character, and sent it to him with a note, asking him not to open the letter for a fortnight, and return it to me unopened if nothing unusual should happen before that time.

In a fortnight the trial would be over; and if my abstraction of the jewel should be discovered, I would at least have the benefit of the fact that I had made a declaration of my version of the affair before anything was found out.

These letters despatched, I set to work in earnest. I found that the brilliants were arranged in a series of converging rows, on slender bars of gold plate, about an inch and-a-half long, an inch broad, and more than an eighth of an inch thick. A slight crack, which might be a join, ran round the plate, about an eighth of an inch from the edge.

At one end, beside the hinge for the pin which fastened the brooch when being worn, was the tiny knob of which I have spoken, in size like the head of a pin. The surface of the plate was not smooth, but carved with a design, so that it presented a great many slight depressions and elevations.

That was all I could see, except the stamp and the maker's name (which I could not make out), in tiny letters, on one edge of the plate.

I set to work with one of my bradawls, and firmly but carefully probed every part of the carved work on the top of the plate. This made no impression on the plate as far as I could see. But on looking more closely I saw a fine crack or join running all round the middle of the four edges. The plate was then double, or hollow; so much I could make out, but I was as far from opening it as ever.

All this had taken some time. It was getting towards midnight, but I could not relinquish my task. I now took my pincers and laid hold of every elevation or projection that would give them a hold—beginning with the little knob at the end. But all in vain. Every part of the workmanship remained as firm and immovable as ever.

A new thought then occurred to me. Perhaps pressure on the knob, combined with pressure on some other point, was necessary to release the catch which held the tiny box so securely.

I fixed a tool between the little knob and my breast, so as to bring a steady pressure to bear upon it, and recommenced my work of probing and picking the various parts of the carved surface. Again I was disappointed—I could make no impression whatever.

I was on the point of giving up the task in despair, when it occurred to me to pass my instrument round the side of the plate. This attempt had no better success, but as I was trying the end farthest from me, my instrument slipped, and accidently pressed against one of the small letters which I had supposed to form the maker's name. The letter moved! I tried another. It moved also; in fact all the letters yielded to the pressure of the needle, so long as I continued to press the little knob on the other end.

Surely, at last, success was near at hand. But still no twisting or pressing would make the plate open. I then found that each letter was capable of being pressed inwards by steps, as it were.

A slight pressure would force the first letter in a very small distance; if I leaned on the instrument with a little force it would go down a tiny bit further; if I pressed it still more, it would go down to a third ledge and there stop. It was so with each one of the letters. And now it was evident how the trinket was constructed.

On touching the letters and the knob simultaneously, the lock would work, but in order to open it a key was needed, on the same principle as an ordinary Chubb key. This key would be made to fit the lock of which the letters formed the words.

It would press one letter down to the third ledge, as it were, another only to the first, and another to the second; and when each letter was brought to its proper position, then, on the knob at the end being pushed in, the lock would open.

By the time I had settled all this in my mind it had struck two, so I was compelled to delay further operations till the next morning.

As soon as I rose on the following day I went to an instrument-maker, and with his help I constructed a little machine with which I hoped to achieve my end. All the needles were exactly of the same length, so that I could tell whether I pressed any particular letter to the first, second, or third position. It was, in fact, a pick-lock, whose wards could be adjusted to the wards of the lock. Then I set to work again.

There were five letters, so that I might try a good many times without hitting upon the right combination. But patience was certain to carry me through, and at last my patience was rewarded.

As I pressed a certain needle down to the third place (the others meanwhile keeping the other letters pressed down to various degrees), on touching the knob a spring was released, the lower part of the plate turned round, and I saw the portrait of a handsome man in the prime of life, bearing a striking resemblance to Lucy Marchmont. The picture of Lucy's mother was not there. Perhaps it had been removed. But my task was now accomplished!

I could now prove beyond a doubt that this brooch had once belonged to Lucy's father, and had been in her hands when she was a child; so that one branch of her defence, the motive we alleged to have been acting on her mind, was clearly established to be no mere ingenious invention. All depended now on my being able to show that she had once been subject to somnambulism.

I carefully noted the proper position of the needles, and I then lost no time in hurrying to Eaton Square.

Lucy could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the brooch open, and the very picture on which she had often gazed in childish wonder once more before her. It was almost as sacred to her as her parent's tomb.

After a pause, I asked:

"Have you heard anything yet of Mrs. Evans?"

"Nothing at all," she replied. "I fear she must be dead. No one can give me any information."

"We must have that point proved," I said. "The discovery of the portrait will be useless unless we can show that you once were actually in the habit of walking in your sleep. Try to think of some one else. Some of your friends must have known it."

"My aunt did, of course, but she is dead now."

"Then try to think of some one else—some servant or companion of your own. I will get a key made to fit the lock of the brooch; and meantime we will hope that you will have the same good luck in your share of the work that I have had so far in mine."

I had no excuse for calling on Miss Marchmont again till the day before the trial. My mind misgave me, for I had heard nothing from her in the meantime.

If she had succeeded in finding the evidence that was so necessary, surely she would have written to tell me. When I called at Eaton Square I found that Lady Pendrubyn had returned from Scotland, but I was fortunate enough to see Lucy alone.

When she entered the room I saw at once that there was a change in her manner. She was pale, and almost trembling; as she offered me her hand she hardly raised her eyes to my face.

"What is the matter?" I asked anxiously. "Have you found the witness you want?"

"Yes, but too late," she answered. "Dr. Davis attended me and prescribed for the somnambulism. In fact, he cured me. I don't know how I did not think of him until yesterday. I wrote at once, and this morning I have an answer from a doctor who is taking his practice to say that he had just left for his holidays. He had been ill, or he would have left town sooner and been back by this time."

"Can't we telegraph to him and explain how necessary and important his evidence is to us?"

"I fear not. He has gone to Belgium, and there would not be time for him to come back now."

There was a silence between us for a minute. I could not speak comfortable words when my own heart was filled with a terrible foreboding.

"But that is not enough to cast you down so much, Miss Marchmont," I said at last. "He may be found. I will go to his house at once."

"It is not only that which saddens me," she replied. "Lady Pendrubyn has lost confidence in me. I feel it. She is good and kind, and I think on the whole she believed in me before she left town. But she is weak, and her friends have been talking to her. She would rather I were not in the house. When I leave prison (she spoke the words steadily, as if she forced herself to it) I shall have nowhere to go."

I was deeply moved. I could hardly control my voice. What I was going to say next I did not know.

"Lucy," I said, laying my hand on her arm, "if the future had been brighter I might not have dared to speak. But I love you, Lucy, more than I can tell. I admire you and worship you in my heart of hearts. It may be a long time yet, for I am a poor man, but some day—— Lucy, can you love me?"

"I cannot. No, it would not be right. I am in a hard strait, and you pity me. I am friendless, and you wish to be my friend. But I cannot drag you down to poverty, or worse. Suppose I were——"

"Nonsense; all will go well yet, I hope. And even if the worst comes true, who would not be proud to have you? My beautiful darling, who is like you among them all?"

"No, Mr. Winter, I cannot let it be so. It would be a cruel return for all you have done for me. It would ruin you."

"It would not," I said firmly. "Dear Lucy, there is only one question, do you love me?"

"That is not the question. The question is, What would be good for you?"

"Are you afraid of poverty?"

"I, a penniless girl? But if I were to be convicted——"

"What would that matter? I should like to marry you to-morrow morning, so that I might share your trouble."

"Would you? Would you do that?" she said softly.

"Indeed I would, gladly."

She was silent for a minute, and then she said, "If I am acquitted, come and see me in six months' time."

"Six months! Do you doubt my love, Lucy?"

"No; but perhaps you hardly know your own mind just now."

"And in six months, perhaps, some one else may have found a way to your heart."

She smiled and blushed, and shook her head for answer.

"Lucy, I will not wait six months, so you needn't expect it," I cried, as she rose to leave the room. "But tell me at least that you are happier and brighter than you were. Tell me that you won't feel friendless or lonely any more."

"I know——" she said, and turned hastily away, only submitting for a moment to my embrace.

My heart was satisfied, for I had seen the love-light in my darling's eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD MAID.—Her room is an oasis in the desert of a corporation boarding-house. Not in point of furnishing, though it is prettily as well as sensibly furnished, but in its evidence of and facilities for intellectual growth.

In the bookcase, on the table lie the books, and rest there as if at home. Does any question come up. "Ask Jane, she'll know," the girls say, or "will find it in one of Jane's books." In her room the girls are always sure of a warm welcome, and even to those not caring for books, a visit to her rooms is a pleasure.

Always the fire burns brightly there evenings, and the young mill girls, who buy their wood by the foot and look at every stick twice before putting it into the draft-closed stove, feel a thrill of gratitude as they sit around this cheery old maid's hearth. There they listen to her anecdotes interlarded with scraps of information, and carry away some of her infectious cheerfulness.

Not only is she well-informed and alive to the questions of the day, but her womanly heart is always searching out to help some one. Except their own mothers, she is the pattern of nature womanliness to the young men in her boarding-house, who confide in her, and to whom Jane may speak when another might not.

CURE OF INEBRIETY.—A Toronto doctor in a recent lecture give the four principal conditions that must be observed for the treatment of inebriates to be successful. The first is abstinence, this must be absolute, and on no plea whatever of fashion, of physic or religion, ought the smallest quantity of an intoxicant be put to the lips of the alcoholic slave. The second condition is to ascertain the predisposing and exciting causes of inebriety and to endeavor to remove these causes, which may lie in some remote or deep-seated physical ailment. The third condition is to restore the physical and mental tone, and the fourth condition is employment; let the mind of the patient be kept occupied by attention to regular work.

THE truly innocent are those who are not only themselves innocent, but think that others are so.

Scientific and Useful.

BALL-FINDING.—A new method of ball-finding in the human body involves the insertion of a needle connected by wire with one terminal of a telephone, while a metallic plate laid on the skin is connected with the other terminal. When the point of the needle reaches the ball a current arises, and a sound is heard in the telephone.

AN AUTOMATIC LAMP.—An English railway company is about to introduce an automatic electric reading-lamp into their cars. On putting a penny in the slot a five candle power lamp will be available for the use of the passengers. It will burn for half an hour. Should the lamp be out of order the penny drops through the slot and is recovered by its owner. The whole of the lamps in a car are fed by one accumulator.

IRON CEMENT.—The following cement is recommended for mending iron rails, grates of stoves, and so on.—Take equal parts of sulphur and white lead, and incorporate with one-sixth part of borax into a homogeneous mass. To apply the composition, it is wetted with strong sulphuric acid, and a thin layer of it placed between the surfaces to be joined, they being at once pressed together. In five days the cement will be dry, and, it is said, the joint will be strong enough to resist the blows of a hammer.

TERRA-COTTA LUMBER.—A new building material is called "terra-cotta lumber". It is a porous brick made by mixing clay with sawdust in a sufficient quantity to serve as fuel in burning the brick, and thus rendering the latter porous. The term "lumber" is evidently applied to the material because it can be cut and worked with tools like timber. The pores assist in holding mortar; and when filled with pitch, make the "lumber" waterproof. The outsides of the material can also be glazed like other earthenware. Its weight is about half that of ordinary brick, and its resistance to a crushing stress about 840 lbs. to the square inch.

Farm and Garden.

EGGS.—One of the essentials in securing eggs in winter is keeping the hens warm and comfortable. Without warm quarters they will not lay.

STOCK.—If there is surplus grain or hay it may pay to buy very poor stock to fatten, but the stock on the farm should never be allowed to fall off in condition.

POULTRY.—If a few guinea fowls can be induced to roost in or near the poultry-house they will afford protection against chicken thieves. They are light sleepers, and make a tremendous racket when disturbed at night.

RABBITS.—The festive rabbit will now be after the tender trees. To head him off, smear the trees with a wash made as follows: Quarter bushel of lime, one-half pound of copperas and one-half pound of glue; add the glue and copperas dissolved to the lime after slaking, and apply now with a brush.

DISTURBING MILK.—The "why" for not disturbing milk while the cream is rising is a very simple one. The cooling of the milk causes currents in the fluid, the end of which is to deposit fats at the surface. When these are disturbed, by dipping or otherwise, these currents are broken and the particles of fat go floating aimlessly about, and some of them never reach the top.

BOYS ON THE FARM.—One of the best plans for inducing the boys to stay on the farm is to give them pet stock. The younger ones may begin with a flock of bantam fowls. If an interest can be created in petting and raising a lamb, pig, calf or colt, the boy will soon begin to calculate how much profit can be derived, and as he becomes larger will have a preference for stock raising. To educate the boy let him have an interest in something on the farm.

BEES IN WINTER.—Bees may be fed in winter by stirring the best pulverized sugar into honey until it makes a thick paste that can be rolled into balls the size of a hen's egg or a little larger. Be sure to have it stiff enough so it will not drip down over the comb and bees when warmed by their bodies, after it is placed directly over them. A beekeeper says that on this candy he has "wintered colonies with less than five pounds of honey in their combs and brought them out strong and healthy in the spring.

Truth is not realized to us but by a conformity of our wills to its discoveries.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

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About the Young.

A boy of the period, who understood his own value and knew what was expected of him, when asked what was his duty to his father and mother, answered smartly: "To take them out for a walk on Sundays, and not let them see how much more I know than they do."

That was a boy evidently destined to go far. For he was not, as we see, a bad boy. He had a heart, a certain delicacy of conscience, a certain tenderness and pity, the fruit of conscious superiority. He did not wish to humiliate his parents.

Not all our young folks are so considerate as this kindly-intentioned boy. Some of them delight in nothing so much as snubbing their elders and making them feel the crassitude of their ignorance and the humiliation of their inferiority.

Dwarfs on the shoulders of giants, because they see a few inches beyond their bearers, they assume a personal supremacy which is but another word for contempt. To them all novelty is truth, all ancient wisdom folly.

The familiar names and properties of plants, the uses to which they may be put, and the value of those uses, count for mere old wives' maunderings in the estimation of our young folks who have studied botany scientifically and made themselves at home with the microscope.

The glory of the starry heavens is nowhere compared with the teachings of the New Astronomy; and a well-educated young person of the present day enjoys looking up into those illumined depths only in proportion to the number of constellations he can see and the accuracy with which he can map them out.

To this kind of crammed intellect the elder people are flat, flabby and empty; and all the knowledge of life got by experience—all the sympathy, the understanding, the moral insight, which come by time and sorrow, pass as so many "rules of thumb" when tested by the scientific accuracy of weights and measures.

Together with the self-complacency quite natural to those young folks who have accumulated a larger number of facts than their elders, is a decided abatement in courtesy of manner, or such respect as age has hitherto been accustomed to receive from youth.

You meet the grown-up daughter of an old friend walking with her father. You are glad to see the father, and the daughter is introduced to you.

She looks at you and takes your inventory; your hair is gray, your face is puckered, and your attire is unfashionable. You are out of her pale and on the outside of her sphere.

She pays you no more attention after that one comprehensive glance, which tabulates, appraises and despises. Her eyes wander afield, and when you speak to her she does not hear you.

If her attention is compelled by the unwritten law of politeness and the usages, she makes you speak to her twice before she answers you with noticeable brevity.

What a long way we have traveled since those days when the whole assembly of the young rose as a sign of honor when the aged entered the assembly!

Another queer manifestation of modern youth is the hopeless pessimism of many among those who pretend to have a definite philosophy.

It is odd, to say the least of it, to hear a smooth faced, cherubic young fellow, with all life before him, softly lisping out his conviction of the illusive nature of happiness, the miserable destinies of the race, the impossibility of discovering truth, the general and final hopelessness of everything.

His doubts and questionings sweep the whole chord of life. He denies the existence of vice and virtue, save as arbitrary terms to denote certain convenient social arrangements.

Justice is only a generalized form of self-preservation, and when stripped of all its adventitious dignity will be found to be based on the food question only.

Love, as imagined by the poets and felt by the ardent young, is a ridiculous little manikin, in no respects a god.

In times past the power of parents was excessive, and their exercise of authority tyrannous. Moral education was a thing of precept and action, and the birch was the commentary for driving home all sorts of valuable texts, which without that commentary would never have taken root.

Now our young folks resent even advice, and, as has been shown, hold themselves the superiors of those who are only their progenitors, not their masters, still less their betters.

We have let the pendulum swing back just as much too far in the way of independence and self-guidance as it went on that other of subservience and fear.

This excessive independence, this unchecked "williness" of our young folks, comes from the relaxed discipline of the parents, not from the great bulk of independence.

Naturally, that being unchecked, increases in strength, as all things left to flourish without pruning must do.

Meanwhile we may be thankful when some young first class boy fresh from a preparatory school—some little shrimp in knickerbockers—uses leniency and generosity towards his homely forebears, and takes humane and considerate care not to let them see how much more he knows than they do.

THE welfare and safety, the honor and reputation, the pleasure and quiet of our lives, are concerned in our loving correspondence with all men. For so uncertain is our condition, so obnoxious are we to manifold necessities, that there is no man whose good will we may not need, whose good word may not stand us stead, whose helpful endeavor may not sometimes oblige us. It is but reasonable, therefore, if we desire to live securely, comfortably and quietly, that by all honest means we should endeavor to purchase the good will of all men, and provoke no man's enmity needlessly; since any man's love may be useful, and every man's hatred is dangerous.

COMMONPLACE people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them from the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

IT is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

ALL men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped; they are taught by every person they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided. Originality is the observing eye.

NOTHING more completely baffles one who is full of tricks and duplicity himself than straightforward and simple integrity in another.

IF a person mounts a high-spirited horse it is important that he should be able to control him, otherwise he may be dashed in pieces. If an engineer undertakes to conduct a locomotive, it is necessary that he should be able to guide or check the panting engine at his pleasure, else his own life and the lives of others may be sacrificed. But it is still more indispensable that an individual, who is intrusted with the care of himself, should be able to govern himself.

THE true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties towards Heaven and man, and enjoy the present without any anxious dependence on the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have.

IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancied.

OLD men who get angry at the vivacity and sportiveness of youth might as well find fault with the spring because it produces nothing but blossoms, or expect the fruit of autumn at that early season.

ONE of the greatest evils in the world is that men praise more than practice virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue; but it is very rare that the worker is respected more than the drone.

HE that to what he sees adds observation, and to what he reads, reflection, is in the right road to knowledge, provided that in scrutinizing the hearts of others he neglects not his own.

THE test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy.

MONEY is but the representative of labor, and all labor demands time; therefore he who wastes the time of others by his tardiness is guilty of positive dishonesty.

WHEN paths are constantly trodden they are kept clean, but when abandoned the weeds choke them up; so weeds choke the mind in the absence of employment.

FEEL a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it.

IT is not good to cover up our eyes from our mistakes and losses; the best way is to look at them at their worst, and then determine to avoid them in the future.

THE people who feel burdened with work, would probably feel yet more overburdened with entire leisure were they called upon to "enjoy" it.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion.

WHEN you are angry, remember that you may be calm; and when you are calm, remember that you may be angry.

"SERMONS have no pockets" is a short but pointed sermon to preach to those whose religion is—money.

CONSIDER well who you are, what you do, whence you came, and whither you go.

IF you have conquered your inclination, rather than your inclination you, there is something to rejoice at.

WHENEVER we vary from the highest rules of right, just so far do we an injury to the world.

HE is sufficiently well learned who knows how to do well, and has power enough to refrain from evil.

IF we subdue not our passions they will subdue us.

The World's Happenings.

Concord, N. H., has six Shakespeare clubs.

Montezuma, Ga., boasts of a dog "with five well-developed feet."

Nothing but drugs, newspapers and cigars can be sold on Sunday in Indianapolis.

Springfield, Mo., has a law against the loitering of girls and women around saloons.

Parisians have coined the word "struggleforlifeare" for go-ahead people who never say die.

About 2 000 species of insects, on an average, have been discovered yearly during the last century.

Fox hunters in Chester county dashed into a flock of sheep, demoralizing both the sheep and the hunt.

A cat owned by Colonel Richmond, of Freetown, Mass., died a few days ago aged 19 years and 7 months.

The smoke cloud which daily hangs over London is composed—so it has been calculated—of sixty tons of carbon.

The acids in coal tar are now taken out of it, and it is thus rendered a good and cheap coating for iron and steel.

During the Paris Exposition 249 pickpockets were arrested, of whom 185 were French, 22 English and 7 American.

Brazil is nearly as large as the United States, but has only a population equal to about that of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio.

The longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily held is between Portland, Me., and Buffalo, N. Y., about 700 miles.

Many of the school houses of Dakota are being provided with barrels of water, potatoes, beans, coffee and cooking utensils in case of a blizzard siege.

Gerald Evans, an undergraduate of Exeter College, died in the college from blood poisoning, caused by a slight scratch on the face received while playing football.

A Birmingham, Conn., man has discovered an alleged alloy resembling gold so closely that jewelers are puzzled by it. It is said to cost about 40 cents a pound.

A foolish hunter in Indiana, who, after cleaning his gun, blew down the barrel, now mourns the loss of a portion of his face. He didn't know the weapon was loaded.

A Newark funny fellow, who persisted in following and singing at an old gentleman with unstylish headgear, "Where did you get that hat?" knows where he got the 10 days he is now serving.

They have had some queer sacred entertainments in New York, but nothing to compare with one given in a Colorado town on a recent Sunday evening, and which was advertised as "A Grand Sacred Dog Fight."

Two waiter girls in a Rapid City, South Dakota, hotel took up claims near that city some time ago, and have built houses, fenced their claims, raised stocks and crops, and at the same time waited on the hungry boarders at the hotel.

Of the seven weeds which the "weed law" of Wisconsin requires farmers, under penalty, to destroy, only one is a native of the United States, all of the rest being naturalized importations from Europe, where they are common wild plants.

A firm of ready-made clothiers of Leeds, England, is building a factory in which about 800 sewing machines will be employed, as well as the necessary number of cutting-machines to keep these going. All these will be operated by electric motors.

A railroad dog, who travels steadily with his master in the cab of a Denver and Rio Grande locomotive, is said to be highly valuable in many ways. He can scent cattle on the track when they cannot be seen, and drives them off when they are indisposed to get off.

Maggie Schreiner, of Chicago, who poured kerosene oil on her husband on June 23, 1888, and then set fire to it, burning him fatally, is suing the Order of Foresters for $2,000 interest and principal on a death benefit of $1,000, which she claims as beneficiary of the dead man's estate.

Quite a complication of relationship results from a recent wedding which occurred in Upper Macungie township, Schuylkill county, Pa. The stepmother of the bride is the sister of the groom, so his sister has become his mother-in-law, and his brother-in-law his father-in-law, and his wife his niece.

Scientists are at work devising a plan by which cold may be bottled and sold in small quantities to suit purchasers. We await patiently the time when we can send to the grocery for a "quart of cold," which placed in a chest will secure a temperature that will preserve meats, etc., in warm weather.

A farmer who lives close to a lake in Minnesota, on looking out of his bedroom window early on a recent frosty morning, saw a great bevy of wild ducks attempting to extricate themselves from the ice which had frozen about their legs during the night. Seizing a corn-cutter he rushed to the lake and clipped off the heads of 124 of them.

An article on the salaries of New York clergymen contains the names of several Episcopal ministers who receive $15 000 per year. There are also named a goodly number who draw from from $5 000 to $8 000, while those getting in the neighborhood of $3,000 are said to be very numerous. The highest salary mentioned is $20,000, paid by a Presbyterian Church.

An almost miraculous escape from death is reported from Jackson county, Georgia. Two men were working in front of a circular saw, when one of them reached over to remove a chip from behind it. The saw caught his sleeve and dragged him over the shafting. Round and round he went until his fellow workman could run and stop the machinery. When he was taken out not a scratch or bruise was found upon his body, but the saw had torn every thread of clothing off him and he was entirely naked.

THE LAST SIGHT OF LAND.

BY H. M. B.

The open sea before us lies—
  The open sea on either hand;
And far behind, 'neath tranquil skies,
  The white cliffs of our native land.

A seagull follows in our track;
  Ah! would its pinions, strong and free,
Could bear a loving message back
  To yonder distant shore for me!

In that far land to which we go
  Will there be hearts as true and kind
As those that we are leaving now
  In the dear home that lies behind?

Farewell, old land! but as you glide
  Beneath the gray horizon's rim,
We feel no distance can divide
  The faithful hearts that trust in Him!

Substance and Shadow.

BY JEANIE GWYNNE BETTANY.

"HE is well connected, I believe?"

"Unexceptionably."

"And good-looking?"

"I have heard so."

"But he is married!"

Miss Michelson uttered this last remark, breaking in upon a conversation which was taking place between two of her visitors.

It was Miss Michelson's "at home" day, and her "at homes" were always well attended. It must not therefore be inferred that she was a great favorite.

As a matter of fact, the first and third Fridays in every month were dreaded by everyone in the village of Wraxall—that is, the handful of personages constituting the society of the place.

But no lady who valued her reputation had the courage to be absent, and thus fell a victim to Miss Michelson's scathing innuendos.

"But he is married!"

Could such a simple remark have malice in it? Possibly; inasmuch as the ladies to whom it was addressed had marriageable daughters who had nearly passed the period allotted to women for the furtherance of matrimonial projects, and the young surgeon who had bought Dr. Barnes's practice appeared to be a last chance to be scrambled for.

"Married!" cried both ladies, simultaneously. "Are you sure of it?"

"They are at this moment on their wedding tour—do try some iced tea—No? Well, then, I will tell you about Doctor Heathcote. Mrs. Jones wrote to me from Cologne, saying that he and his bride were staying at the same hotel as herself, and she informs me that Mrs. Heathcote is a mere child, scarcely eighteen, and Dr. Heathcote has married her from a convent-school in France; this much Mrs. Jones was able to ascertain."

Miss Michelson, having imparted this information, proceeded to pronounce sentence upon the absent young doctor and his marriage, as it was her wont to do on all the actions of her neighbors. Doctor Heathcote was as yet no neighbor of hers, but he would be one in another week, and so came under her jurisdiction.

None are such authorities upon marriage as the unmarried, and Miss Michelson looked very wise indeed as she laid down the law to her visitors, who were for the most part mothers of families.

"When a man marries a young wife, he lives to regret it," said the hostess, with a little sharp nod that shook her cap-ribbons, and caused the two little gray curls on either side of her face to vibrate as if they were in reality the springs they so much resembled.

"And the child-wife lives to regret it too," she went on, warming to her subject. "I know one man who rapped the pretty white fingers of his young wife—with a paper knife!"

At this speech there was a general laugh.

"It was no laughing matter," went on Miss Michelson. "An ivory paper-knife may not hurt much, but it is heavier than kisses, and the effect doesn't go off so soon, I'll promise you! Now I have a niece, Marie, at school in France, and I shall keep her there until she is twenty-one, out of harm's way. For my part, I can't imagine what young Mrs. Heathcote's parents or guardians were thinking of to allow her to marry in that way."

"Perhaps it was a runaway match," suggested Mrs. Wilmot, the most daring of the two ladies with the "passees" daughters.

"Impossible," rejoined the hostess. "The sisters in these convents are too watchful."

"Still, one has heard of such things," persisted Mrs. Wilmot.

"In fiction, no doubt," rejoined Miss Michelson tartly.

The conversation was fortunately interrupted at this point by the entrance of the master of the house, Miss Michelson's half-brother, a bachelor of forty or thereabouts.

He was the vicar of the parish of Wraxall and Rural Dean. Sunday-school treats now came upon the tapis, so we will leave the vicarage society and transport the reader, with his permission, to Germany.

It was early morning, scarcely eight o'clock in fact, and the Rhine steamer "Niederwald" was plying its way steadily through the mists that enshrouded the picturesque mountain-ranges which rose so majestically on either side of that part of the Rhine between Coblenz and Konigswinter.

There were many passengers, even at that early hour, and among them a young Englishman in a gray tourist suit. He looked about five-and-twenty, and was of medium height, broad-shouldered and well-made.

His hair was short, and his bronzed face was pre-eminently good-humored, especially as to the mouth and eyes, these latter having a merry daring in their brown depths which betokened a healthy mind on which, as yet, no care had left its impress.

He was standing upon the deck with his "Baedeker" in his hand, out of which he read an abstract now and then to a young lady—very young in appearance—who was seated near him, wrapped in a comfortable fur cloak, for though it was July, the early morning was chilly on the river.

The girl's face was, if not exactly pretty, at least wonderfully piquant, and had that charm of charms; a perfectly guileless expression. Her eyes were of that peculiar blue gray in which the light loves to dance.

Her hair, which was coiled upon the shapely head, was of a fugitive nut-brown which waved and curled and broke loose in little rebellious love-locks, which the wind lifted and dropped again softly on the white forehead or rounded rosy chin.

Very well suited to each other these two appeared. Their youth, their joyousness, their utter freedom from care created a harmonious halo about them, clothing them as did the mist the mountains; but the mist would lift presently and reveal the mountains in all their grand proportions.

And their holiday garb must soon be doffed, and the young couple must show what they are in the struggle of life. They both knew this vaguely and discussed it laughingly.

"Another week, Marie, and I shall be going my rounds in the oldest of old villages, and you mustn't let my dreadfully sober looks frighten you then—for you know a medical man must look grave."

"Frighten me," rejoined Marie, in a soft, bell-like voice which had a slight foreign accent. "Nothing can frighten me but rats; there were rats at the convent, gray ones with, oh, such long tails. Your grave looks frighten me! when I was so brave as to run away and get married! And oh, it is so much nicer to run away to be married and make everyone cross! Won't Aunt Rachel be angry when she hears from the sisters! I did not say whom I had married when I sent the little note."

Dr. Heathcote—for of course it was he—now seated himself beside his bride. The mist had lifted, and before them on the left rose the Drachenfels, its summit bathed in golden sunlight.

They had carefully parcelled out the remaining week of their honeymoon. They were to land at Konigswinter, and ascend the Drachenfels and then go on to Cologne by another steamer.

"Look, Marie," said George Heathcote, "there is a cave in that mountain side, hidden away among the vines; we should be able to make it out from this position—yes, there it is! Well, there the mythical dragon was said to live; Siegfried destroyed it, and became invulnerable. It reminds me oddly enough of something Dr. Barnes said when he sold me his practice. 'Heathcote,' said he, 'there is a dragon in the village; slay it, and all will go well with you. Otherwise—there is an elderly lady whom you must succeed in pleasing, if you hope to keep your practice.'"

"Leave me to please her, George," cried Marie, who had risen and was now resting her daintily-gloved hands on the side of the steamer, the better to feast her eyes on the lovely scene before her.

"And whom could you not please?" rejoined the young doctor with enthusiasm.

"I will tell you," cried Marie, laughing. "I can't please Aunt Rachel—she is so—well, so difficult. She has come to see me sometimes at the convent, and once in the church where you first saw me, and where you gave me the dear little love-notes ——"

Here the digression would doubtless have led into the recital of the wooing and the winning which had, like many another, been achieved by assiduous church-going, glances, and, finally, what Marie called "love-notes;" but the Niederwald had drawn up to the landing-stage at Konigswinter, and luggage had to be stowed away in an improvised cloak room consisting of a covered boat, which afforded Marie immense amusement. Then came the carriage drive to the top of the mountains.

It so chanced that the young couple were alone when they reached the summit, so they enjoyed the scene before them after their own fashion—and the fashion was not a new one.

The young bridegroom's arm encircled the trim little waist of his bride, and her sunny head, with its rebellious ringlets, rested confidingly against his broad shoulder.

Far below, like shimmering silver, lay the Rhine, curving between the vine-clad mountain sides, whilst miles of fertile country stretched away to the far horizon in a patchwork of gorgeous coloring. Behind and to the left rose the peaks of the six sisters of the Drachenfels. It was a view to live in the memory. So Dr. Heathcote seemed to think, for he said to his wife:

"We do well to look long upon this landscape, Marie, for, my love, it will be many a day ere we look upon it again."

"Oh, but we can come here next summer for our holidays if we like."

"I fear we shall have to forego holidays for a time, little wife," rejoined her husband hesitatingly, for he was loth to cloud the sunny face that was turned so trustfully towards him.

Still she must be told something of what her life would be. And this knowledge made him momentarily regret the impulse and passion which had led him to carry away this sweet maiden from the haven of her convent-school to face life as a poor doctor's wife.

"You see, Marie," he went on, "I spent nearly all my father left me to buy a practice, and I never thought I should fall in love on my holiday trip and take home a wife. But when I saw you, I felt I could not live without you; and when you told me you had no one but your aunt, and that she would not let you marry, there seemed nothing for it but to carry you off."

"But you and I must go to Wraxall to see my aunt——" began Marie.

Heathcote started, and exclaimed suddenly:

"Wraxall; did you say Wraxall?"

"Yes," answered Marie, bewildered. "It is the place where my Aunt Rachel lives."

"It is the place where I have bought a practice; the place where we are to live. How came I not to mention the name before—or you? But tell me, love, what is your Aunt Rachel's other name?"

"Michelson," replied Marie.

"Michelson!" cried George. "Then, Marie, that is the lady Dr. Barnes said I must please if I hoped to get on in the village. Oh, Marie, you must try and please your aunt now; for I have, indeed, forfeited all chance of her favor."

"She loved my mother," said Marie tearfully, "and she isn't unkind; but oh! she told me that my mother had married against her wishes; and now, if we are to live near her, she will be able to scold me every day. I thought we might go and see her when we were in England, and then go right away if she were very cross!"

And the poor little maiden began to weep.

Of course the tears were kissed away, and the smile was wooed back by encouraging words. But the beauty seemed to have faded from the landscape by reason of the uncomfortable discovery they had made; so they turned their backs upon it, and descended through luxurious woods down the mountain side, and made their way to the landing-stage, from whence they were soon borne towards Cologne. Towards also, as each felt, the end of their holiday and the beginning of their troubles.

We spare the feelings of our readers so far as to omit all but the concluding remarks of Miss Michelson's wordy outburst on her first meeting with her niece Marie after the events just recorded.

Her language, at all times unnecessarily strong, at least in the opinion of others, had gained a rancor and pungency on this occasion not easy to be imagined, much less described.

But the good lady had something to be said on her side. Marie's mother had been a favorite of hers, and her especial charge after their mother's death; and she had married a worthless adventurer, and cut herself off from her friends for ever. She had, at her death, left her orphan child to her sister Rachel's care.

Miss Michelson, loving this child only the more for her mother's fault—and for her mother's misery—(for her husband had even raised his hand against the poor girl)—resolved to place Marie in a convent-school until the impressionable age should be over.

And lo! Marie had "gone and done likewise," at least as regarded the marriage without consent. And this was not all. Miss Michelson had been allowed to call upon Mrs. Heathcote without a word of warning.

The doctor had been strongly in favor of going to her and confessing all; but poor Marie, child as she was, had implored him to put off the evil day and wait till her aunt called upon them in the ordinary course—a mistaken policy that was to cost them dear.

The consternation Miss Michelson felt when she was ushered into the pretty drawing-room, with its dark oak furniture and quaint draperies, may be imagined when she recognized in Mrs. Heathcote, her niece, who had eloped from the convent.

"Well, Marie," she said in conclusion, "so far I will spare you. I will smooth over the matter as regards society here—but, mark my words, you have made too bad a beginning to end well. I know men" (she had in her mind the husband of her unfortunate sister), "and your husband will end by treating you badly. They always do when girls have no more sense than to run away with them."

Marie had been in tears during the first part of her aunt's outbreak, but at these last words she took courage. Her aunt would accept the marriage—that was everything. As for her idea about George ill-using her, it was something to laugh at.

"Dear aunt," she began, placing one of her pretty hands on the stiff fold of Miss Michelson's silk dress appealingly; "you must let me make amends in the future. Indeed I know I have been wrong, and you are good indeed to so far overlook it."

Miss Michelson would have been much harder-hearted than she really was if she had not been moved by the lovely face turned up to her at that moment, smiling, with the fresh tears still upon it. She stooped and kissed Marie's forehead. She kept her opinion about Marie's husband's future conduct all the same.

"Oh, George!" cried Marie, bursting into the surgery when her aunt had gone, "she has forgiven me, and we shall have no more worries."

"Except rats!" said the doctor, smiling.

"Ah, those rats!" echoed Marie dolefully. "Whatever shall we do about them? This very afternoon one crossed my dressing-room when I was fastening on my brooch, and I ran screaming downstairs."

Dr. Barnes's house, which George Heathcote had taken, was a quaint Elizabethan residence with plenty of superfluous room in it; for which reason it may be the rats had installed themselves in unwonted numbers.

The whole of the upper storey was and had been for years given up to them; but this was no reason to the rat-mind that they should confine themselves to those quarters.

Hence, what time George could spare from his patients and from the re-arrangement of his surgery was devoted to pursuing these invaders his pretty wife so much dreaded.

Everybody called, and society expressed itself charmed with Miss Michelson's niece. As for Miss Michelson herself, she relapsed into ordinary society relations with the young couple, receiving them and dining with them as the rest did.

But further than this she would not go; and when Marie asked her advice on a matter of housekeeping, told her in very plain terms that since she had not seen fit to consult her judgment as regarded the most important step of her life, she must continue to manage the rest as she could.

Further than this, she told her niece that under the circumstances she had made a will leaving her money to a mission to the Hottentots, and therefore Marie must look for nothing from her.

This troubled Mrs. Heathcote not at all; she and her husband were too happy in

themselves. Moreover, the practice was good and they could save.

Had Miss Michelson only been told, however, instead of being left to find out that Mrs. Heathcote was no other than her own nurse, there is little doubt that her forgiveness would have been complete.

But she had been made to look ridiculous, she considered, and she could not forget it. It followed then that her mind ran constantly upon the promise she had made, and she looked for its fulfilment, in spite of the fact that George Heathcote and his young wife had come to be spoken of as an example of connubial bliss.

"He would end by ill-treating her—she had said it, and her words always came true."

A year passed, and a new happiness came to the doctor's home—Marie had a son. Had it been a daughter it would have been called "Rachel," in hopes of healing the wound which still rankled in Miss Michelson's mind. But it was a boy, and Marie suggested that her aunt should be asked to be its godmother.

"No, Marie," the lady had answered ungraciously, when it was proposed to her; "I have resolved to be in no way responsible for other people's children again."

"Venomous old woman," exclaimed George angrily, when his wife informed him of the result of the interview. "I propose we let her alone for the future, to be pleased or displeased as she chooses."

Doctor Heathcote was at that moment standing, hat in hand, ready to go on his professional round. The morning was so beautiful that he chose to dispense with his carriage, and enjoy a walk between the scented hedge-rows through which his way led him. He could gather a few wild roses for Marie too, he thought.

He was engaged in an attempt to gather a particularly graceful spray, which grew so high as to be nearly out of reach, when Miss Michelson herself appeared in sight.

She was in fact on her way to the doctor's house, for the purpose of presenting the baby with a silver "rattle"—a sort of peace offering, for she had acknowledged to herself after Marie's visit that she had carried resentment a little too far in wounding the young mother through the baby. She saw George before she came up, and resolved to be gracious.

But what was her astonishment when the young doctor, instead of stopping and extending his hand and offering a few kindly words as he had always done before, raised his hat courteously, but with evident coldness, and passed on without a word of greeting.

For a few moments Miss Michelson stood still in the lane, watching George's retreating figure blankly; then with a look of mingled bitterness and scorn she passed on her way. But she did not call upon Marie, nor send the gift she had intended for the baby.

George reported the incident to his wife at dinner that evening, and laughingly added:

"She looked angry enough to be the ruin of me, but I am too firmly established to fear her influence now."

But he could not help feeling a wish that he had a little money on hand. His expenses were heavy. He had spent a good deal on alterations and improvements of his house, and Wraxall people were slow in their payments he had found.

The bank had allowed him to overdraw a little, and would go further he thought, and of course the money was safe to come in.

Yet somehow, now it was over and he was calmer, he was not sure that he had done a wise thing in affronting Miss Michelson.

He said nothing to Marie of all this, however, and to her unclouded mind the whole episode was amusing and nothing more.

She soon changed the subject for a more interesting one to her feminine mind—her costume for the garden party at Mrs. Wilmot's, of Stone Grange.

"It's such a lovely shade of gray, George," she began; "touched here and there with coral pink—"

"What? the baby?" inquired her husband, who had scarcely heard.

"The baby! no, my new dress; it came home this afternoon. And my hat is a chip straw of the same shade, with a long feather to match, just ever so little tipped with coral."

Here the page boy entered with a note for Mrs. Heathcote. She glanced over the contents, a cloud of disappointment gathering on her bright face.

"What is it?" asked her husband concerned, when the door was closed behind the boy.

"Oh, it's from Mrs. Wilmot—putting off the garden party. Oh, but it is such a disappointment!"

Marie had overcome to a certain extent her foreign way of speaking English, but fell into it occasionally.

Mrs. Wilmot's letter brought disappointment only. There were letters to come, however, which were to cause some trouble.

It was about a week after George Heathcote's encounter with Miss Michelson in the lane that he came into the drawing-room where his wife sat playing with her baby, and trying to woo from his wide-open eyes the first light of recognition. He looked so pale and perturbed that Marie started to her feet, crying:

"George, you are not ill?"

"No, dear," his white lips made answer, "but a little anxious. Be good enough to ring for nurse to take baby. I want to talk to you."

He had an open letter in his hand, and when the nurse had carried off the baby, he sat down by his wife and spread it before her. There was a cheque projecting from between the folds.

"Is there something not all right about the cheque?" she asked.

"The cheque is all right," he made answer. "But, Marie—the letter contains a dismissal."

"A dismissal? Oh, George!"

"Yes, dear, and it has not been the first letter of this sort that I have received within two or three days. It is growing so serious that I have felt it necessary to tell you."

"Oh, what can it mean? but they are strange, these people—they are cruel," cried Marie, the indignant color rising to her cheeks.

"It is not these people, Marie; they have reason, or think they have, which is much the same as far as they are concerned. There is but one explanation; someone has been slandering me."

"Do you think it was my aunt, George?"

"I can think of no one else; yet I cannot believe that she would ever lower herself so far as to invent a calumny, however much she may dislike me. It is very mysterious, and I don't know what steps to take."

Dr. Heathcote did not by any means make the most of his difficulties to his wife. He did not tell her, for instance, that Colonel Bleuett, with whom he had dined on the most amicable terms ever since he had come to Wraxall, and who often dropped in on his way home from his club to have a hand of whist with the doctor and his wife, even though a "dummy" had to come in; he did not tell Marie that Colonel Bleuett had "cut him dead" that very morning.

Nor did he tell her that her uncle, the Rev Jonn Michelson—a gentleman of a very peace-loving disposition—had gone over a stile and crossed a meadow obviously with the intention of avoiding him, because, or so George thought, he might have felt compelled to administer a pastoral rebuke, a contingency the worthy clergyman looked upon as a veritable cross.

"What have I done?" George kept asking himself.

A week passed away, and George's face looked haggard. More cheques, more dismissals, more refusals to explain. The young doctor had called on a few of those patients who had been more intimate with him and begged for an explanation, but he had been met by cold disdain, or a "not at home," that made his heart sink within him.

More than this, those persons who could not send a cheque, and who could not therefore dismiss him summarily, as so many had done, treated him as if they only submitted to his services on sufferance.

The poor fellow felt at last that he should die, or at least be bereft of his senses, unless some solution, some relief, should be forthcoming.

At last he did what most people would have done at first; he went to the Vicarage and asked to see Miss Michelson.

As he stood on the threshold of the Vicarage a tumult of thought welled up within him; anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness, some would have termed his mood.

As for himself, he was conscious of but two sensations, misery and helplessness; this latter not in an unmanly sense, for which of us, be we ever so valiant in sight of a foe, can deny a feeling of terror combined with helplessness if the foe be in ambush?

If things were to go on as they had done the last fortnight, George Heathcote feared to face what must be the outcome.

True, money had come in, but he owed money to the bank and elsewhere, and if his practice dwindled, as it threatened to do, as it was doing, nothing but ruin could result.

Oh, Marie, Marie—bright little vision, made only for a summer day! how, how should she stand the winter of adversity?

So he was thinking when the door was opened, and in reply to his question he was told that Miss Michelson was in London.

He turned wearily away, and crossed a meadow before he felt really conscious of what he was doing.

He was roused by a cheery voice close to him; and cheery it was, though the owner (a Mr. Thorpe, Solicitor) was proverbial for intemperate habits.

"See here, doctor," said the voice, cheerily. "You look down on your luck—you must look up; you can live this out. I've had to live ill-report out myself more than once. Hang it, man, we're all human, and do in one moment what we regret all our lives."

"Thorpe," began Heathcote, huskily, "if you know what it is that people say against me—in humanity tell me."

The doctor had grown too desperate to mince matters.

"Well, you see, doctor—your blinds are white, and a shadow shows on them—and the cries were heard by more than one, and when it got about——"

"Blinds!——shadows!—cries! What do you mean, Thorpe?"

"To be plain, old fellow, you were overseen or overheard or both that night, when you took an extra glass and quarrelled with your wife."

"By my life, Thorpe, I never had a misword with my wife in my whole life. How could I? What a brute I should be! She is the sweetest—fairest——"

"We know all that, my boy, but when the drink is in, the wit is out; and one may forget that one's wife is the sweetest and fairest under its influence."

"I protest, Thorpe—believe me or not as you choose—I never drink; I am all but a teetotaller. For heaven's sake tell me plainly what all this is."

"Well, it's very queer, Heathcote, if such a story could get about for nothing; but anyone may get overtaken for once in his life, which is the case with you, I suppose——"

"Go on!" interrupted the doctor.

"Well then, Heathcote, the upshot of all is this: Someone passing your house late one night saw your shadow in the act of striking with a stick, and heard your wife's cries——"

George burst into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter that Thorpe looked at him in utter amazement.

"Oh, Thorpe," he presently said, "you must think me mad, but I can't help it; to think that a man's reputation should hang on such a thread!"

"Pray explain yourself," said the solicitor with dignity, for he did not in the least understand this outbreak.

"Well then," resumed the doctor, "I was killing a rat, and my wife screamed; she is so afraid of them; and somebody saw the shadow on the blind of a man in the act of striking, heard the cries, drew inferences and spread a report."

It appeared later that Miss Michelson herself was that passer by, and reported the doctor's misconduct, as the fulfilment of her prophecy, to one or two admiring friends, who immediately proceeded to enlighten and inflame the whole of the village.

The doctor and his wife suffered at first, but they gained ultimately; for the whole village seemed to think that they could not do enough to make them forget that miserable fortnight.

As for Aunt Michelson, she made a new will; leaving everything unconditionally to the young doctor and his wife and their heirs for ever.

She has also, so report says, bespoken the position of godmother to Marie's next child; and all parties have found that when investigation steps in there is not much "substance in a shadow."

A Slight Mistake.

BY F. W. S.

"HOW late papa is this morning! He always is when he is wanted to be earlier."

"Surely Dick's letter may wait," responded the first speaker's elder sister, seated ready at the breakfast-table, perusing her own correspondence. "There cannot be anything very important in it, or it will be an exception to the rule."

"True for you, Joe. Still it's nice to get news from India, and know it's been three weeks coming."

"I hear papa's foot on the stair," said a third sister, deep in a novel.

"Oh, be joyful!" exclaimed the younger, Mimi, springing to the door, as it opened, giving entrance to Mr. Weston. "Papa, here is a letter from Dick. Do come and read it."

"Certainly, my dear. Give me time—give me time. Good morning, Joe; good morning, Tom," to his other daughters, as Mimi dragged him to his chair, and put his son's letter in his hand.

Since the death of his wife, Mr. Weston, a mild, easy-going Christian, had had, as far as they were concerned, very little will other than that of his daughters, aged twenty two, twenty, and eighteen—three handsome, rather dashing girls, who, lacking a mother's guardianship, had, as Mimi remarked, to look after themselves and their future settlement in life, as "dear old dad would never think of such a thing as that."

At present, they had had admirers, but no offers.

"A state of affairs that decidedly must not last," again had remarked Mimi, the general spokeswoman. "To contemplate a future of celibacy in spectacles and strong-mindedness was something too—too awful!"

Mr. Weston being ensconced in his chair, and Mimi having fixed his pince-nez wrongly, he broke open the Indian letter and read.

Joe, or Josephine's remark anent the importance of the missive proved correct, until a paragraph was reached which caused the three pretty frizzy heads to be bent forward eagerly.

"By the way, a gentleman I have recently met—a Mr. Sydney Hastings—who is just leaving India, having by the death of an uncle inherited a large fortune, has kindly consented to be the bearer of some presents for the girls, as he tells me he is coming into your neighborhood.

"I know little more of him than that he can sing and dance like an angel; and is awfully rich! Do the amiable to him, dad, for the girls' sake. They ought to cultivate his acquaintance."

After breakfast there sat in Joe's dressing room a council of three; not so terrible as that of Venice, but still effective. Mimi was president. The question discussed was, which should undertake the task of converting Mr. Sydney Hastings into a happy Benedict.

"Dick has never said whether he is young or handsome. That's so like Dick!" exclaimed Tom of Tomasine.

"My friends," responded Mimi, sagely, "he is rich! That renders ever part delightful. It is a glass which reflects him always young, always good-looking. Let us have no contention; let us fairly take our chance, as did the three goddesses when Paris bestowed the apple. He (Mr. Hastings, not Paris) will arrive early and have luncheon; that shall be Joe's turn. We must make him remain to afternoon tea; that shall be yours, Tom. Of course then he cannot leave before dinner, that shall be mine. Is the council agreed?"

"Yes—all fair and above board."

"Then let the council break up. We will receive him as befits his importance and an occasion so fraught with interest. My children, recollect our future is in the balance."

For the next few days all was excitement at Inglethorpe. Even the county ball, which was always the sole subject of interest for two months before and one after, paled before the advent of Sydney Hastings.

Many were the surmises formed as to what he was like. Each of the sisters drew their own idea; Mimi sketched him about forty, with wonderful red hair, and the suspicion of a cast, while meandered over his shirt-front the magic legend, fifty thousand dollars per annum.

In the midst of these conjectures the object of them arrived. About noon, a week after Dick's letter, the page brought in a visitor's card.

"My dears," said Mr. Weston, "it is Mr. Hastings. Dempster, show Mr. Hastings in."

A flutter passed through the hearts of the sisters. Each assumed the attitude they considered the most becoming, and in a few seconds Mr. Sydney Hastings was in their presence.

Of those three surmises Mimi's certainly was widest of the mark. Sydney Hastings was thirty, his figure was tall, his bearing rather distinguished. His complexion was dark, his features handsome, bright, and genial.

Soon the conversation was flowing easily. He told of India, of his journey, and, to the sisters' satisfaction, at once accepted Mr. Weston's invitation to remain the day at Inglethorpe.

"Thanks very much," he said, "I am quite a stranger here. My visit is to Lady Locke, an old friend of my family's; she resides nearly four miles from this I believe; but I learn she is from home, and will not return until very late this evening."

"In which case," said Mr. Weston, "favor us with your company until then; it will be a boon. We will do our best to make your stay agreeable."

"I shall be delighted," replied Sydney Hastings. "As to agreeability," his dark eyes turned to Joe, "I have little fear of that. I shall feel," his gaze wandered to Tom, "as though in Capua, and," it rested upon Mimi, "that time has borrowed a second pair of wings, it will fly to me so swiftly."

"He is charming!"

"He is perfectly delightful!"

"He could not have been better if made to order."

The last remark was Mimi's of course.

If the days sped swiftly to Sydney Hastings, and it seemed to, it also did to Joe, Tom, and Mimi. They chatted over lunch, and listened to a description of Calcutta, the city of palaces.

They strolled through the grounds, and heard of the glorious beauty of the Indian orchards; while the three listened breathlessly to an exciting account of a real tiger-hunt in the jungle; they also played tennis, when, of course, Joe and the guest were partners by order of the council of three.

Josephine was the tallest, darkest of the sisters, with a dashing manner, and could follow the hounds straight when she could get a good mount.

Tomasine was more slender, physically more delicate; pitied the fox, and was rather given to romance, moonlight, and Wagnerism.

Mimi was petite, fair, with a naturally curly golden little head; her chief characteristic at present being to speak out her mind with a touch of cynicism, and to philosophize. So it will be seen, Sydney Hastings had a choice.

It must have been difficult indeed had he not found the day delightful.

"Dear old England!" he remarked, "how pleasant it is to be back again! After all there is no place like it. The green of this lawn," he was lying on it, resting after dinner, at the feet of the trio seated in garden chairs, "is magnificent; yet what is even home without a welcome, and I must thank you for that, Miss Westons."

He looked up at them as he spoke, and thought:

"By George they are three of the most stylish looking girls I've seen for a long time!"

"I'm sure we are glad we have been able to bestow it," said Joe. "The pleasure has been mutual. It was so good of you to bring the presents from Dick."

"It was so good of Dick," laughed Sydney Hastings, "to give me that excuse for coming."

"But do you really mean you have no relations to welcome you, Mr. Hastings?" asked Mimi.

"No, Miss Mimi. Since my uncle's death, I am relationless."

"But you have friends—Lady Locke, for instance," said Tomasine.

"Lady Locke! Ah, yes; the dearest, best of old friends; and—ah, here comes Mr. Weston."

"Also afternoon tea," remarked Tomasine, meaningly.

When they left the gentlemen after dinner, and assembled in the drawing-room, the council of three for the first time found an opportunity of expressing their opinion

of the guest. Their approval was unanimous. He was charming, delightful. He could not be better.

"How his eyes dilated!—how his cheek flushed!—how handsome he looked as he described that tiger-hunt, when the creature nearly caught one of the natives!" exclaimed Joe.

"He was quite poetical in his description of the Indian flowers and the Ganges," said Tom. "I know he writes verses, and now he admires Wagner!"

"It appears to me," put in Mimi, "that we are all quite ready to fall in love with him and his. The serious question is, which of us is he ready to fall in love with?"

"Why, we must take our chance."

"And wait for this modern Paris to present the golden apple in the shape of so many thousands a year."

"Did you notice he said that he hoped an acquaintance so auspiciously began would be of long—indeed, endless—continuance?"

"Yes; and that he looked at me, Tom, when he said it."

"But he glanced at me, Joe, when he spoke of the pleasure of seeing an English complexion after the sallow ones of India."

"Pray don't quarrel," broke in Mimi. "Remember the fable—while the lion and the other creature fought over their prey, the fox sneaked in and stole it."

"What is that a propos of, Mimi?"

"You two and Miss Littleton, old Lady Locke's companion. Recollect he is going to live under the same roof, and she is pretty."

"Pretty? Well, if she be, she hasn' a bit of spirit. A quiet little thing, who, when a man speaks to her, ably sends him about his business. I've no fear of her!"

"Neither have I; and as ,to ourselves, let us wait for the ball. When he heard that Lady Locke was one of the patronesses he said that he should be sure to be there of course."

The county ball, ever a great success, certainly to the trio, had its attractions increased by the advent of Sydney Hastings. The arrival of so wealthy a personage at Apperton soon got whispered about; the sisters were referred to as authorities, and became envied in proportion.

The evening arrived; the trio's toilets were triumphs; never had they looked more fascinating, and for once, as each contemplated the other, she experienced a nervous thrill that that other was the most attractive.

Usually the Westons went late, but on this occasion the carriage was ordered at an earlier hour. If possible, they want to be there before the Locke party came; there would be a prestige in Sydney Hastings being their friend.

"Besides," said Tom, "he told us he knew no one but Lady Locke; so, as he cannot very well dance with her, he will be certain to ask one of us."

Though earlier, the large assembly rooms were pretty well thronged when the Westons entered. The band was playing a waltz, and the dancers were gyrating, the handsome toilets making circles of color, and the white shoulders gleaming in contrast with the cavaliers' dark coats.

A knot of admirers were waiting the trio at the door, eager to inscribe their initials on their card.

"Has Lady Locke's party arrived?" inquired Joe, carelessly.

"Half an hour ago," was the response, "with her companion and Mr. Hastings. Do you know there is a rumor being circulated——"

"My dear Miss Weston, how are you?" interrupted a lady, bustling up. "More charming than ever. They say our ball will surpass itself to-night."

At that moment Mimi touched Tom's white arm.

"Look," she whispered; "there is Mr. Hastings dancing—dancing with Miss Littleton!"

Just then the two gyrated by, unobservant of the gaze upon them, Sydney and his companion being in lively conversation.

"Tom, was my warning out of place?" continued Mimi. "See how he looks down at her."

"See how she looks up at him!" responded Tom. "Call that girl quiet! Why, she is a flirt. How she smiles, right into his eyes! It's not proper. If she has sent other admirers about their business, she certainly has no intention of dismissing so excellent a catch as Sydney Hastings."

"Still waters run deep," remarked Mimi. "I have always observed that the most dangerous rivals are the quiet ones."

Just at this time the waltz stopped.

The trio saw Sydney Hastings lead his partner to a seat, then hurry away.

"There is a vacant chair by her side," whispered Joe, "I'll take it—it's wise to learn a rival's plans."

Passing through the throng, she soon was addressing Miss Littleton, a pretty girl of about twenty, with soft, violet eyes, and a bright, intelligent expression.

"How beautifully Mr. Hastings danced!" said Joe, taking a seat.

The companion's face brightened.

"Does he not?" she exclaimed. "It is such a pleasure to dance with him, you can't tell."

"You have no fear of your toes or your skirts," laughed Joe. "We are quite glad to know him. Did he tell Lady Locke what a delightful day we had together?"

"Oh, yes! he told us you were so kind. He enjoyed himself so much. Lady Locke intended to call on you, but circumstances and the time being so short prevented us."

"Us."

What did she mean by bracketing herself with Lady Locke and Sydney Hastings in that fashion?

"Kind!" remarked Joe, "how could one help being so when one is so charming as Mr. Hastings? Ah! here he comes. I am quite dying to dance with him; I have refused the next three dances to anyone, so that he may select which he pleases."

"Really," smiled the companion, "he will feel very flattered."

"If he knows which he must not," laughed Joe. "Men are made sooner vain than even women. I spoke in confidence, Miss Littleton."

"Oh! I'll remember," replied the companion, a puzzled look in her eyes. "But, I beg your pardon. I thought you knew—that Mr. Hastings had told you?"

"Told me what?" asked Joe, quickly.

"Miss Weston," interrupted Sydney Hastings' cheerful tones, "I have been looking for you everywhere, I am so glad to find you here. Let me have the pleasure of introducing to you my wife!"

His wife!

No less. In a little while all Upperton knew the story. How Sydney Hastings had made a secret marriage with a penniless girl—but a lady; and for dread of his uncle (a confirmed old bachelor who sneered at the marital state) cutting him off with a shilling, had kept it secret from everyone but old Lady Locke, who had applauded him, and, while he went to India, had taken his pretty wife to live with her as companion, until the uncle's death enabled the young husband to make his marriage public to all the world.

"It is a shame—a cheat—a base deception," chorused Joe and Tom, when the three talked it over in their dressing-room after the ball.

"Not at all, my dears," put in Mimi, sagely. "It was only 'A Slight Mistake.'"

Bald Headed Doctors.—A London paper has the following: "A medical correspondent contributes to a my contemporary some remarks upon his profession, which, although in some respects containing a good deal of truth, are nevertheless confessedly amusing.

"His main object in view is to show that he has made a gross mistake in joining the ranks of medicine instead of investing the money which had been spent upon his education in some business concern. He describes himself as a failure, and this after having worked exceedingly hard at his profession.

"The cause of his failure he attributes to the absence of two things which are quite essential to success in the medical profession. These, he asserts, are in the first place, money, and in the second, a bald head. 'I have no money, and my hair is inconveniently thick.'

"Intelligent baldness gives the appearance of a 'high and domelike forehead,' and inspires the ladies with confidence. The fortunate possessor of this beautiful feature is pronounced 'very clever,' which settles the matter. Besides, it is almost indispensable for a 'good bedside manner.' All my medical friends who are getting on well have either money or bald heads; most of them have both.

"It is no doubt very much to the advantage of a young practitioner to exploit a 'modern antique' appearance, and nothing contributes so greatly to this end as a head which is innocent of hair. There is a real commercial value in a bald head, but this value is by no means confined to the medical profession. Whatever advantages, however, it may confer on a business young man, to a medical man—fair estimate under favorable circumstances would be at the lowest five hundred a year. The assumption of age and ripe philosophy which a man can safely indulge in whose hair follicles upon the top of his head have in early manhood undergone a process of fatty degeneration, leaving a white expanse of reflecting integument, is a matter of common observation. The public are impressed by the appearance of things under these circumstances; a bald head will carry conviction to their minds when nothing else will—saving, perhaps, a flowing beard."

Kindly Words and Deeds.—How few there are who estimate aright the power of kindly words and deeds! and yet what mortal being has not at some time or other felt their benefit and sweetness? How many a world worn and crime hardened heart has been softened into penitence and tenderness by their holy influence! How many a weary lot has been cheered and brightened by their soft gentle sunshine!

What music there is in a kindly uttered expression of sympathy! what radiance in a gentle, approving smile! And how little do these heaven-entailed duties of life cost to the giver, and how much do they confer on the receiver!

Trifles they may seem, judged by the cold calculations of some; but to those who think and feel as Christians ought, they are sweet and holy duties, for they are the wayside flowers of earth, which make its oft times weary path seem home-like and pleasant.

Without their gentle influence, how would life's cares and perplexities harden and corrode! how would its trials and sorrows wither and blight the heart! Without the friendly exchange of kindly words and deeds, without the sunshine of loving looks and smiles of welcome and encouragement, a house may be a habitation, but never truly a home. Why then should we neglect or ignore those gentle courtesies of life in our intercourse with our kind, and seem or be harsh and cold and unloving, when it would cost us so little to win the grateful memory of human hearts, or shed the balm of consolation on some wounded spirit?

Were it not for these gentle and holy charities of daily life, our pilgrimage here would be bitter, and our crosses heavy indeed. Let us try to cultivate a loving, forbearing spirit, and show its influence in our words and deeds. Let us remember that a loving, kindly nature, is the distinguishing mark of the true Christian, and an emanation from Him whose name is Love; Him, who while here, God though he was, and ruler of the mighty universe, scorned not to love, sympathize with, and seek and accept the love and sympathy of the lowly ones who followed him in His path of pain.

By Strategy.—"Irene," exclaimed the young man, a pang of jealousy shooting through every fibre of his heart as he noted a ring he had never seen before on one of the fingers of the left hand, "is that an engagement ring?"

"I will not deceive you, Mr Kildjordan," replied the young lady, blushing deeply. "It is what might be considered a conditional engagement ring. The matter is not positively settled as yet, but mamma thinks Mr Peduncle——"

"Then it may be I am not too late," said Bardolph Kildjordan, passionately, the vehemence of his emotion breaking down every barrier of reserve that the cold, calculating habits of expediency had erected between himself and his heart's idol. "Irene, I had not thought to say to you for months, perhaps for years, the words that now come thronging for utterance and will no longer be stifled. Give me the right, Irene, to call you my own, and to feel sure that no man, henceforth and forever, can stand between me and all earthly happiness. Will you?"

"I will, Bardolph."

And the eloquent stillness that followed the softly spoken words of the fair young girl was punctuated by that old yet new sound, that rapturous, wild, fervid, unpronounceable percussion, whose caustic articulation marks the climax of two trusting lives.

"Irene," said the youth after a pause, "you will allow me to remove this conditional engagement ring now, will you not?"

"Certainly, Bardolph, though it is of no importance."

"And now tell me about that conditional engagement."

"It was an engagement to meet Mr. Peduncle at two o'clock next Saturday afternoon, should the weather be fair enough for me to venture out. I put it on my finger myself as I would not for worlds."

"To meet Mr. Peduncle?"

"Yes."

"Where, may?"

"At his office, of course. Don't you know Mr Peduncle?"

"No. Who in the name of goodness is he?"

"The dentist."

"Trapped!" said the young man in a tragic whisper.

Producing Insensibility.—It is well known that bottles of amyl possess the power of causing insensibility very quickly in a human being breathing its fumes. The effect is equivalent, temporarily, to a paralytic stroke. It is exceedingly cheap and plentiful, and a famous electrician proposes to use shells filled with this chemical instead of gunpowder. He argues that a few gallons of the nitrite dashed on the deck of a warship would render the crew completely helpless. The most wonderful ironclads would be even more vulnerable than the light cruisers, for they would be sucking down great draughts of air through their artificial ventilators, and the odor would thus rapidly permeate the whole ship. The whole crew being rendered helpless for an hour or two the ship could, of course, be towed into a safe port, while the captors ventilated her and removed the insensible men.

The Pullet and the Lynx.—A Pullet who had been Setting high and doing considerable Thinking on her own Account went to the Fox one day and, with a Blush of Embarrassment mantling her fair Cheek, while a look of Determination was at the same time to be Read in her Eye, thus Observed: "Mr. Fox, I have come to you to Learn how to be Sharp and Keen. If you will give me your Rates per Term I will——" "My dear Miss Pullet," replied the Fox, as he wrung her Innocent neck, "you have come to the right party, and my terms will be very low for cash on the Nail. The first Advice I shall give you is to keep Away from the Fox." Moral—It is very wicked to play Poker, but if you must learn get some innocent Old Farmer to Teach you.

Colours of Birds and Beasts.—Birds and animals, when collected in numbers together, have curious technical names applied to them. It is right to say "a covey of partridges," "a side of pheasants," "a wisp of snipe," "a bevy of quails," "a flight of doves" or "swallows," "a muster of peacocks," "a siege of herons," "a building of rooks," "a brood of grouse," "a plump of wild-fowl," "a stand of plovers," "a watch of nightingales," "a clattering of choughs," "a gaggle of geese," "a cast of hawks," "a trip of dottrel," "a herd of swine," "a skulk of foxes," "a pack of wolves," "a drove of oxen," "a sounder of hogs," "a troop of monkeys," "a pride of lions," "a sleuth of bears," "a shoal of herring," and "a swarm of bees."

The better day the better deed.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A novelty sold by the swell London ladies tailors will soon appear on this side. These are leather collars and cuffs, which comes in varying shades of brown, green, red, and also in black, and which are ornamented with fancy stitching. The cuffs are about three inches deep. As accompaniments to these are arabesque designs in leather for dresses, while traveling dresses are trimmed around the edge of the skirt with broad stripe of black, gray and brown leather.

A Vermont Justice of the Peace the other day thought he could marry them for 50 cents. The young man allowed that he might raise that sum. After the ceremony the justice called for pay. After much fumbling in the pockets of his overalls the groom said he had left it "to hum." The justice then said they were unmarried. This calamity was met by a witness who loaned the young man a half-dollar, which was handed to His Honor. The Justice then remarked to the couple that they were again married, and that they were at liberty to resume their journey.

One of the latest inventions for sanitation is washing men by machinery, and in Germany they have arrangements in the army quarters by which half a million soldiers are regularly washed. A French Colonel states that he can have his men washed for a centime, or a tenth of a penny a head, with tepid water, soap included. A man undresses, soaps himself, and a jet of tepid water is played upon him. He can then dry himself and dress in five minutes, when it would take twenty to take a bath. In this way five gallons of water will do the duty of seventy in taking the usual bath.

In 1611, an English gentleman traveling in Italy made this entry in his journal: "I observe a custom not used in any other country. They used a little fork when they cut their meat." He purchased one and carried it to England, but when he used it, was so ridiculed by his friend that he wrote in his diary, "Master Lawrence Whitaker, my familiar friend, called me Furcifer for using a fork at feeding." That little two-tined article of table furniture brought about a fierce discussion. It was regarded as an innovation, unwarranted by the customs of society. Ministers preached against its use. One minister maintained that, as the Creator had given men thumbs and fingers, it was an insult to God to use a fork.

A few days ago a couple living near Fairfield, Indiana, visited that town and found their son in a state of intoxication. They at once notified the saloon keepers not to sell him any more intoxicants. The next night they again went to Fairfield and caught their son drinking beer. Incensed, the mother took the glass from her son and dashed the contents in the bartender's face, and while he was wiping his eyes she broke the glass over his head, inflicting quite a deep gash in his forehead. On hearing the circumstances the citizens met, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the saloon-keepers of the town and request them to retire from business. They agreed to comply with the request and were given until Sunday to close up all their business affairs. The citizens have raised a fund, and have bound themselves to never again allow a saloon to exist in the town.

A St. Louis hotel keeper, speaking of the cranks he frequently encounters, says that "a man from the East the first time he entered the dining room was dissatisfied with the seat given him by the head usher. He moved around from one seat to another without being able to secure the one he thought he wanted. Finally, working himself into a passion, he left the dining room and went down to the office where a long story of the fancied wrongs inflicted upon him by the waiters. He demanded a card of admission to the dining room, which was given him, and when he immediately presented to the usher who had assigned him a seat on the floor before seated him. He seemed to be satisfied with the seat given him that time, although the place was no better than the one assigned him at first. The next erratic move he made was to demand a wine card and write an order for 'one glass of pure water.' After that everything seemed to suit him."

A young woman of Vienna has had a wonderfully romantic career. She was very beautiful, and all the young men who were in the district fell in love with her. She had a hundred offers of marriage before she was twenty, and before she accepted the 101st. Then her troubles began. Her first fiance died suddenly from an accident, the second was taken away with the army, likewise the third and fourth; the fifth and sixth were drowned; the seventh and eight broke off on learning of the smallness of her fortune; the ninth got drunk on his betrothal day and tried to beat the young woman, so she broke it off; the tenth seemed promising in every way, but as the marriage was about to take place it was learned that he had a wife and children in Bessarabia. The wedding was fixed for the eleventh, but he decamped for some unknown reason, and, thereupon, the young woman gave it up and poisoned herself.

A will subdued prepares for good.

Our Young Folks.

CATHIE'S WRONG DAY.

BY A. S. PENN.

THERE are some days when everything seems to go wrong from the moment of waking till the moment of getting into bed at night—though certain people believe that it is not so much that every *thing* is in fault, but that it is one person who goes wrong.

At all events these days had often come to pass with Cathie Blake, and it was a long time before she thought that the reason might be in herself.

At last one morning everything went ten times worse than usual. In the first place it was Mrs. Blake's birthday, and Cathie had meant to be up early to gather some flowers to put on the breakfast table in her mother's place before she came down.

"Call me *very* early, Jane," she said to the housemaid, when she went to bed on the previous night. "Not a minute later than six."

"Very well, miss," said Jane; and accordingly she rapped at her door in the morning exactly at that hour.

Cathie opened her eyes and remembered her plans.

"A quarter of an hour later will do just as well," she thought. "I can be a little quicker dressing, that's all." So she closed her eyes and went to sleep again.

After a time she awoke with a start, vaguely remembering that she had been called again at seven. She sat up and looked at the little round clock on the chimney-piece. A quarter past nine!

"Jane didn't half wake me," she grumbled, as she began to dress in a hurry. "It's too bad of her not to make sure that I'm quite awake!"

Too late now to get the flowers, and worse still, her father would be angry because she was not down to breakfast, which took place at half-past eight.

In her haste to get dressed the soap slipped from her hands, and made itself all over hairs on the carpet. Then the tooth-brush dived headlong into the soapy water in the basin; and finally she knocked a piece out of the water-bottle through trying to lift off the tumbler with wet hands.

At last, having broken two teeth out of her comb in hurriedly doing her hair, she ran down to the breakfast-room. There was no one there, but the breakfast-things were still on the table waiting for her.

"Cold porridge and half-cold coffee," muttered Cathie, as she partook of her solitary meal, while her face grew more and more dark and unamiable. Her little brother Frank came running in, his face rosy and bright with running in the garden, and a basket of flowers in his hand.

"Good morning, Cathie," he said, going up to kiss her. "Papa was so cross because you were late."

"What are those for?" she asked shortly, looking at the basket.

"For mamma. They all grew in my garden, Cathie. Aren't they lovely?"

She gazed at him in dismay. "No," she said, hastily; "you shan't be before me, Frank. *I'm* going to give mamma the flowers out of *my* garden. I grew them on purpose. You can take yours afterwards, if you like, but I mean to be *first*."

The little boy drew back. "But I was ready first," he said, laughing triumphantly. "Yours aren't picked yet!"

Cathie made a sudden snatch at his basket, and had it from him in an instant. In doing so she overturned her coffee, and the contents flowed all over the table-cloth.

"Everything goes wrong to-day," she exclaimed impatiently. "Ring for Jane to see to that!"

And then she darted out of the room with Frank after her, calling to her to stop. In a very few seconds Frank's nosegay was locked up in a cupboard in her bed-room, and Cathie, with the key in her pocket, was in the garden with an empty basket and a pair of scissors.

She had no fear that Frank would tell tales; he never did.

"He shall have his flowers back as soon as I have given mamma mine," she said to herself, as she snipped off one blossom after another. "I'm the eldest. I ought to be first, of course."

At last the basket was full, and she took it to a garden seat, where she sat down and arranged the contents into something like order. Her hands trembled, and two red spots burned in her cheek with hurry and excitement. At the back of her mind was a vague suspicion that Frank had not followed her out here because he was crying, and was ashamed to let her see his tears, but she would not think of that.

Having completed her arrangement, she went in search of her mother, whom she found writing.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, mamma dear," Cathie said, offering her flowers.

Mrs. Blake looked up gravely, and did not stretch out her hand for the gift, or take the proffered kiss.

"Thank you, Cathie," she said. "But instead of those flowers, suppose you give me the key of the cupboard in your room."

Cathie was speechless, and drew forth the key with a burning face. Her mother laid it beside her on the table, and went on with her writing. Cathie set the basket near her, and was about to steal away, when she was stopped by the words—

"You may take those away, Cathie. The sight of them does not give me any pleasure."

Cathie could not speak, but obeyed, and crept away into the garden, watering the rejected flowers with salt tears.

"Frank has been telling tales," was her first thought, for how could she know that her father had been just about to enter at the French window behind her when the little scene with Frank took place, and had heard and seen all.

She sat down in a sunny corner and cried long and bitterly, until at last it seemed that she had come to the end of her tears, when she dried her eyes and sat still, thinking. Psyche, the cat, came and settled herself beside her, and it consoled Cathie a little to be able to hold her flowers to pussy to smell, that they might not die quite unappreciated. Psyche purred, put her nose to them, and her eyes looked like two slits in the sunshine.

"Everything goes wrong," sighed Cathie. "It was Jane's fault, first, for not properly waking me, and Frank's for trying to get a forehand with me, and——"

She stopped, and leaned her head drowsily against the wall, watching Psyche, who seemed to be regarding her thoughtfully.

"What do you think about it all, pussy?" she said dreamily.

"I think," said Psyche, "that if you had not been lazy and selfish, nothing would have gone wrong at all."

"I!" cried Cathie in astonishment.

Psyche nodded, blinked, purred, and looked wise. Cathie sat upright, and stared at her.

"I must have been dozing for a minute," she thought. She had certainly said "I" aloud, for she seemed to hear the word in the air. That she should not have been surprised when Psyche spoke showed that she must have been dreaming, but she was still confused enough to have an uneasy feeling that the cat had reproved her.

"Lazy and selfish." She sat and thought this over for a long time. It was a new and not a pleasant idea.

She thought she was still thinking, when a little laugh made her lift her eyes. There were her mother and Frank standing before her.

"Haven't you had enough sleep yet, Cathie?" said Mrs. Blake—but she smiled as she spoke.

"I was lazy and selfish," she stammered drowsily. "Psyche said so."

Frank laughed outright. "Wake up, do, Cathie," he said. "Mamma will have the flowers now—she isn't cross any longer, because it's her birthday."

Mrs. Blake stooped to pick up the basket of drooping blossoms, and as she did so her daughter put her lips to her ear and whispered something. Mrs. Blake kissed her, and Cathie felt that once more everything was right.

THE GREENLAND BEAR.—If you were asked to mention the animals which you thought most clever, I hardly fancy any of you would name bears among the number. But if you lived in Greenland instead of this country you would probably name the bear first.

The Eskimo tells many curious anecdotes of the bear, showing that they watch his habits very carefully.

I do not think anything can be more clever than the way in which the Greenland bear catches a walrus.

Now the walrus is a great ugly animal living in the water, but like many other creatures he likes a change occasionally, especially in the warm weather. Accordingly he makes his way to the shore every fine day in August, and drags his huge body on the rocks to bask in the sun.

The Greenland bear enjoys a walrus for dinner, so he keeps a look-out, and if the water loving animal happens to lie near the bottom of a cliff, the bear climbs to the top, and pushes the biggest lump of rock or stone he can find over the edge. It is sent with such a good aim that it crushes the skull of the poor unconscious walrus, and stuns him.

Then the bear hurries down, and seizing the loose stone in his paws, kills the animal outright in that way, and thus secures his dinner.

There is one little fact about the bear's paws which may amuse you, and which will also show you how wonderfully fitted each creature is for the country in which it lives.

Some bears live in hot countries, some in countries where ice and snow abound continually.

If you were to look at the paws of each, you would be able to know directly what climate they came from. Those who live in hot countries have paws with hard skin underneath, while those who live in cold icy climates have the bottom of the foot well covered with fur; so that they can walk on the ice without slipping.

S. U. W.

GYP'S NEW FRIENDS.

BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

THE corn was ripe, and shone like gold in the sun, with bits of red and blue in the midst of the tall blades. Oh! what a day for a game in the close cut grass field.

First, there was the tea at four, and nurse had a lamp to light and to keep the wind off the flame, which is hard to do at times; but when they made a screen of straw hats it got on well, and some good tea was made.

A can of milk was brought by a farm boy, and his face and eyes were so red that nurse said:

"What is it now?"

"Well, mum," said the boy, with a kind of sob to each word, "you see they don't want to keep my pup at the farm, and they says they shall drown 'im!"

"Oh, dear!" said Clare; "what bad men to want to drown a poor pup!"

"Where is it?" said Rose.

"Out you, miss," said the boy, with a point of his hand at a house not far off.

"Fetch him for us to see," cried Rose.

"Wait a bit," said nurse; "is he a safe dog?"

"Lor, yes! 'e ain't but a pup, mum."

"Go quick, please!" said Clare and Rose, and as they drank their tea, they kept their eyes on the path the boy had to come by.

New milk is nice when you drink it in a field, and as soon as nurse saw that the first cups of tea were done, she was glad that cups of milk were at hand; for the pot she made the tea in was small, and nurse had strong tea when she could, and took more cups than some do.

The buns were just done with when the farm boy came in sight, and put the pup down by them.

"You dear thing!" they all cried, and the pup went round, in that queer way pups have, to them all.

Dick went over on the grass with a roll, when the dog gave a jump on him, but it was all fun.

The farm boy did so hope that his dog might get a home.

"Let's ask when we get home if we may buy it; it's a dear thing!" said Rose, with a pat on its head.

So when they went home they took the pup by a bit of string, and the farm boy did not come up till late at night to hear its fate.

Clare and Rose stood with Dick and the dog just in the path as Mr. Glyn came [illegible]

"What's this?" he said, when he had time to look down.

"It's a poor dear dog," said Clare in a sad voice; "and the pup put on a face much the same as he sat down, in the way pups have, on the path.

"Will you buy him?" cried Rose and Dick.

"Buy him? No; why should I buy him? I don't want a dog."

They were all quite still for a time, and Mr. Glyn went on to the house; but Clare and the pup ran fast to catch him, and when he saw his child's sad face, he said:

"What is it, my dear?"

"They will drown this dear dog if we don't buy him!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Who said so, my child?"

"The boy from the farm, who brought us our milk to the field; and it's his dog, and he was sad to think they would drown it. He wants us to have it, and be kind to it!"

And she put her arms round the dog, and shed her tears on his head.

"Well, well, we'll see," said Mr. Glyn; "don't cry, my dear."

And at this Clare and the pup both gave a bright look up, and I think the pup knew his fate had hung on a thread till then; for his tail went up with a jerk, and he gave a whine and a bark as much as to say—

"We're all right now!"

Next came bed time, and the dog was quite of Clare's way of thought, that he ought to go to bed with them; but nurse was firm, and the string was made fast to a strong hook in the day room.

The farm boy came up that night, and was right glad to find his dog had found a home, and he was paid for his pet as well.

Next day they had a game in the field, and it was blind man's buff. When they left off play, Clare said she could find her way, with her eyes bound, to the house.

Rose and Dick gave a laugh at this, and did not go the same way.

Nurse was not there, and Clare went on, with her small hands spread out.

But Clare's feet took her quite out of the path when she could not use her blue eyes to guide them, and ere long she went up a little hill and fell on a heap of tall green weeds that sting. I'm sure you all know them.

Her hands and face had white spots on them, and the pain was great.

There are some who say that if you grasp this weed it does not sting you, but I think it is a risk to try. And poor Clare could but just stand up and pull off the cloth from her eyes, while she cried from pain.

Here "Gyp" (as they said the pup's name should be) ran with bark and whine to Rose and Dick, and led them back to poor Clare.

"Dock leaves!" cried Rose in her prompt way, and they found a bed at the end of the field, and there was such a rub of these leaves on Clare's stings that she was quite green.

But the pain went off, and they went home to tea, Gyp close to Clare, for he felt she was his first friend at the house, and he was her friend all his life.

AFTER MANY YEARS.—The crowd of promenaders on the Brooklyn Bridge roadway one afternoon recently, was much surprised to see a tall, portly, gray-haired man, dressed in Grand Army uniform, jump out from the throng and throw his arms around the neck of a stalwart policeman who was saying "Move on, please," at the rate of sixty times a minute. The policeman was both astonished and angry for a moment, but when the big man said in a husky voice; "Why, Tom, old boy, you must know me," he gave a glad cry and fell to reciprocating the hugging in a most energetic way.

Later on the policeman, whose name is Thomas Rice, told the story of the meeting. He and his two brothers, one of whom the Grand Army man was, went to the front with the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment of New York, and on the Peninsula on Christmas day, 1862, they quarrelled over the distribution of the contents of a Christmas box sent them by their family.

Thomas and the elder brother, John, never spoke after it, and when the second brother was killed at Fredericksburg, Thomas exchanged into another regiment.

John went to Buffalo after the war, went into business and prospered and became the head of a large family; but Thomas stayed in New York, and after many ups and downs secured a position on the Brooklyn Bridge police force. They had lost track of one another completely.

BELIEVE THE BEST.—He who thinks better of his neighbors, than they deserve cannot be a bad man; for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men base, or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody,—for when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers.

Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape the calumny; however incorrect, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while alive, either from friend or foe.

A WELL BRED GIRL.—She doesn't turn round to look after gamblers or posing actors on the street, and she doesn't think that her good looks are causing the men to stare at her. She doesn't shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars, and why they permit them to cry.

IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

BY M. E. B.

In one of the land's sweetest spots,
A little old gray church I found;
Around it lies—dear restful ground—
God's garden with its sacred plots,

With myriad arms the ivy holds
Its time-worn walls in close embrace:
So Memory sometimes keeps a face
Half-veiled in tender misty folds.

Like sentinels grown hoar with age,
The crumbling headstones guard the graves
That softly swell—green voiceless waves,
That will not break though tempests rage.

"Concerning them that are asleep"
In his sweet hamlet of the dead,
In broken sentences I read
The record those old tablets keep.

Each told its tale, for hath not grief
A voice whose echoes never die?
Adown the ages, Rachel's cry
Still rings o'er some God-garnered sheaf.

Mine eyes, ne'er prodigal of tears,
Did fill with such as seemed to rise
And drown the glory of the skies,
O'er those who'd slept two hundred years.

ECCENTRIC FUNERALS.

When kept within the limits of reason, there is no quality more commendable than affection for animals. But the moment this excellent disposition runs into channels that instinct or custom has sanctified to the use of humanity, it becomes a fit subject for ridicule and for contempt.

Both these feelings are excited by the story of the death and burial of a dog which had the good fortune to belong to a late Countess of M—.

The facts were disclosed of an action to set aside the will of a deceased earl on the ground of insanity.

When the dog fell ill, the countess took it out in her carriage in order to obtain medical advice. It was afterwards laid upon the drawing-room carpet, where her ladyship knelt and wept over it, the noble earl kneeling at her side, and endeavoring to console her.

His lordship then took the dog in his arms and carried it to an open window to give it a little air. The countess raised a sad lamentation and exclaimed that her pet was dying. The earl assured her that this was not the case.

"I have seen many people die," said he, "and this is certainly not the way."

To convince his wife that the dog was not so near death as she supposed, he showed her the manner in which people commonly die. Stretching himself on the carpet, he lay quiet for a little time; then turning himself from side to side, distorted his features, worked his eyes into a ghastly stare, threw about his arms, went into convulsions, and wound up by becoming rigid.

Next morning the family were in great distress. The dog had died. The carcase was suffered to remain in the drawing room until evening, when it was removed to a lady's bedroom. There it was "waked" with all the lamentations, eulogies, and feasting that accompany this necessary preliminary to an Irish funeral. On the following day, a number of men and women were called in to make preparation for the funeral rites of the dead dog.

A plumber produced a lead coffin for $20 and a carpenter made an outer shell. The carcase was put into the coffin and taken on a car to the earl's castle, where it was interred amid the lamentations of the earl and countess.

Nor was the dead dog without mourners of his own fourfooted kind. Fifty dogs were selected to attend the funeral in white scarfs, and positive orders were given that all the dogs in the parish should be present at the grave.

In this instance affection for the dog raised his obsequies almost to the level of those men who have deserved well of their country. No excuse of the kind could be pleaded for the unusual demonstration that accompanied the funeral of a Scottish innkeeper.

The motto of this gentleman appears to have been that familiar and delusive wish of the profligate, "a short life and a merry." His desire that jollity should not desert his remains impelled him to make provision in his will whereby his boon companions were required to empty their cups all day and all night in the presence of the dead.

Whether or not this revolting wish of the testator was carried into effect is not told, but the ceremony that attended his interment was sufficiently eccentric to excite surprise and indignation.

His coffin was born on the shoulders of men who had often shared his unwise hospitality, and who on this occasion showed their loyalty to his wishes by appearing, not in garments of solemn and sombre hue, but in holiday garb.

A company of pipers, playing their liveliest airs, marched at the head of the procession, while a number of sword dancers brought up the rear. The ceremony ended with a carouse, for which the deceased innkeeper had left a considerable sum of money.

Less outrageous to the sentiments which so solemn an event naturally inspires, though hardly less curious, was the funeral of a gentleman of private means in the north of England. During life he had earned no little notority in consequence of many harmless eccentricities.

He was described by that terse and pregnant phrase "a character," and was evidently anxious that this reputation should be emphasised rather than weakened by his death.

He directed that his body should be placed in a coffin, and that every inch of the remaining space should be filled with snuff, while every snuff taker in the village who cared to attend his funeral should receive a handsome snuff box full of excellent rappee.

This desire to be buried with material to which there has been strong attachment in life is a relic of barbarism, of which many examples have been given. It may occasionally take a form to which objection may reasonably be raised, though, on the other hand, it is often of a kind that excites respect.

No one, for instance, could have any other feeling than that of respect when Mr. Lucombe, the celebrated horticulturist, insisted upon being buried in a coffin made from the wood of the tree of which he had propagated many of those evergreen plants with which his name is associated.

On the contrary, there are few people who would not sympathize with the heir who fulfilled, and at the same time evaded, the request of his benefactor that he should be buried with the sum of $5 by placing in the coffin a cheque payable to the deceased.

A wish to defeat the aims of objectionable parties has been the originating motive of several eccentricities in connection with burials. One of the most interesting of these departures from custom concerns a noble family whose descendant occupies a minor position in political life at the present moment.

A predecessor of his lordship, being in difficulties sought to raise money by mortgaging his estate. With craft that baffled the astute drawer of the deed, this impecunious nobleman caused to be inserted a proviso that the mortgagee should not foreclose as long as his body remained above ground. His will contained instructions that his body should be placed in a stone coffin, and that the coffin should be deposited in a lofty tower and securely guarded.

Grains of Gold.

Love is sunshine; hate is shadow.

The more noble the more humble.

The guilty mind needs no accuser.

Honesty has one face—flattery too.

He must fear many, whom many fear.

Hope and fear are essentials in religion.

Hear patiently, if thou wouldst speak well.

Happy are they whose pleasure is their duty.

The groat is ill saved that shames the master.

Hesitate a little before thou speakest positively.

The vicious obey their passions, as slaves do their masters.

He overcomes a stout enemy that overcomes his own anger.

Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any.

Hold yourself in restraint without putting restraint upon others.

Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital.

The best friend of true Christianity is one who desires to do justice to all men.

Femininities.

The Queen's yacht has a cork floor cloth to insure quiet.

Diamond rings for dog's tails are the latest whims of New York women dog worshipers.

It may be love that makes the world go round, but you can't make an old maid believe it.

Mrs. Mackay wears at times a flawless sapphire nearly an inch in diameter, which is said to have cost $185,000.

Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good-sized piece of camphor.

Mr. Green: "Do ladies ever tell their ages to each other?" Miss Cute: "Certainly not. They know better."

A courageous widow in Franklin county, Pa., took an axe and killed a bear that was trying to steal one of her pigs.

A well-bred girl thanks the man who gives her a seat in a street car, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive way.

Do not be deceived by agents who have a "superior furniture polish" for sale. Use linseed oil, there is nothing better.

He: "And to morrow is our wedding-day, dearest." She: "Yes, and it is bargain-day at Blikman's, too. Isn't that aggravating?"

It is a good idea for a tall woman to have her kitchen table and ironing board a little higher than ordinary. It will save many a backache.

If a man wants his wife to believe that he is a genius, his wisest plan is to persuade her of it before he gets married. He will generally find it easier then.

A poor old woman in Denver got $5 000 worth of life insurance recently, and all because her son thought he would rub some dirt on a horse-car mule's hind foot.

Four enameled violets with a diamond dew-drop on each have their stems bound around by a lovers' knot of burnished gold, and form together an effective brooch.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

It is not generally the girl with the most beaux who gets married first. It is the little, grave, demure girl who sits in the corner with one young man and hangs on to him.

She, eagerly: "Well, dearest, did you speak to papa this morning?" He. "Yes, I spoke to him." She, excitedly: "What did he say?" He: "He said 'Good morning.'"

The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born; a small bit of mud, well steeped in hot water prepared by precious charms, is stuck on its forehead.

Husband, to young wife: "What were you saying about the barometer, dear?" She: "Only that I found that it wouldn't tick, so I changed it away at the door for a butter dish."

Caller: "Why don't you try Christian Science for Fido? You know how much it did for our baby." Hostess: "Yes, but I can't afford to fool with the life of that dog. Why, he cost $15."

In England, while a man is strictly prohibited from marrying his deceased wife's sister, there is nothing to prevent his marrying his divorced wife's sister, even while the divorced wife is alive.

Wife: "Harry, do you see how attentive that couple on the sofa are to each other? I'm quite positive there's something between them." Husband, after a look. "I think you're mistaken, my dear."

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, says his daughter is about as skilled in the law as he is. She acts as his amanuensis and advises with him when doubtful legal points arise. Such a daughter is a jewel in the parental crown.

A bad case. Miss Luendi, bursting into the doctor's office: "Doctor, doctor, you must come down to the house at once!" Doctor: "Why, what's the matter? Who's sick?" Miss Luendi: "I am. But as there was no one to send, I came myself."

Elizabeth Lisko, a Russian 11 years old, already 6 feet 6 inches in height, 6 feet 3 inches round the waist, and 3 feet 11 inches round the chest, is the latest thing out in giants. The doctors say she will continue to grow in every way for some years yet.

The Queen of Italy once tried to write a novel. It was enthusiastically praised by the court ladies when one day she read them a few chapters. She was bright enough to wish a less partial test, so she sent it, under an assumed name, to a leading publisher, who politely declined it.

White kid gloves sewed and stitched with black are worn with half-mourning and with black and white frocks in London. They give the wearer the air of having gone into seclusion, for her hands are so very visible that one is like the poet who found the eagle's feather and forgets the rest.

It is said by salesladies in glove stores that a lady who can wear a No. 5 glove is as unusual as one who wears a No. 11 shoe, and that a large hand looks smaller gloved in a mousquetaire of undressed kid, because of the loose folds about the wrist, and that tight sleeves are unbecoming to a large hand.

A gentleman who is a confirmed bachelor was rallied recently by some lady friends upon his obstinate resistance to all attempts to lead him into matrimony. "I wonder," one of them said, "that any man could escape who has had all the snares laid for him that have been spread for you." "I should never have been able to preserve my liberty," he answered, "had it not been for a certain window on Chestnut street." "A window on Chestnut street! What was there in that to preserve you?" "It is filled with the materials of which the modern woman is made," he returned, with an affectation of gravity. "Whenever I was in danger of becoming engaged I have simply walked around and looked in at that window, and I have thereby been saved!"

Masculinities.

A silent man's words are seldom brought into court.

When a proud man hears another praised he thinks himself injured.

Experience in business teaches a man that too many debtors don't pay.

Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own.

Experience teaches fools, and he is the greatest fool who will not learn by it.

Love and discretion are sworn foes; the former is nearly always the conqueror.

Many a man considers himself a great gun, when in fact he is nothing but a smooth bore.

How we admire the man who happens to catch us when we are doing a good deed on the sly.

How many people would be dumb if they were forbidden to flatter themselves and slander others?

The trouble with some people doing a good thing is that they waste the rest of their lives admiring it.

You occasionally find a man who knows so much that he spoils every pleasure you would have in learning.

A Wilkes Barre, Pa., lad of 5 years enjoys a smoke, and has a fondness for a 4-year-old pipe of his father's.

First Cigar: "That man you see coming is going to smoke you." Second Cigar: "He will strike his match if he does."

Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hogshead one and one-fourth pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour.

Mr. Sniff: "What did you give your wife on her birthday?" Mr. Snuff: "If Oh, I promised her something for Christmas."

An electric car company in Erie, Pa., details an extra man on each car on market days to help ladies on and off with their baskets.

The Australian Legislature has passed a law taxing all married couples $60 if residing with the husband's mother-in-law, and $120 if with the wife's.

"It's odd and sometimes melancholy," remarks an exchange, "to see a man try to make up his mind when he has no material on hand to work with."

Bigsley: "Going to get married, I hear. Suppose you got a wealthy girl?" Barley: "No." "Then what in thunder is the attraction?" "She's an orphan."

Doubtful how to act. Beggar who, leaving a house, is hit by an old boot thrown after him: "By Jove, I don't know whether that is meant for a gift or an insult."

Prince Christian, the oldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is at present serving his year in the ranks of the common army, is the tallest prince in Europe.

A woman living near the line of Jefferson and Walker counties, Ga., is 7 feet 2 inches high, 25 years old, weighs 180 pounds, and can whip any man in the neighborhood.

A well-bred girl doesn't wear all her jewelry in the day-time, and she understands that diamond rings, ear-rings and bracelets were intended for the evening alone.

Angelina, to Tweezer, who has just proposed: "Oh, I don't want to marry you; you ain't got but one eye!" Tweezer: "I know it; if I would have had two I'd have looked farther."

One of the best and most epigrammatic epitaphs is that of Alexander the Great. It is as follows: "Here's a mound, which suffices for one for whom the world was not large enough."

The German papers call General Boulanger "General Ex"; citing that he is an ex-General, ex-Minister, ex-Deputy, ex-party chief, ex-future Dictator, and is now living in ex-ile.

The bed which the German Emperor and Empress occupied during their visit to the Sultan was of solid silver, with Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold.

Get what you want by your own unaided exertions, or go without it. There is more dignity in penury, coupled with independence, than an indolent comfort gained through the grant of a favor.

Major Henderson: "That's bad news I just heard about Colonel Carter." Captain Dawson: "What's up now?" "I understand the Colonel stopped drinking." "You don't say so! When is the funeral?"

A one legged man, whom the Seattle, Washington, police were after the other day, took refuge in a cellar, barred the door and defied the whole force. The fire department was called out and the cellar was pumped full of water. When it got up to the man's chin he surrendered. Since then he has escaped three times from jail.

Kirby Stone: "I don't see you at the cafe where you used to take lunch with the boys, Younglove." Younglove: "No, I'm eating very light lunches now. I sit on a high stool and chew a sandwich." "Economizing, eh?" "Yes; I'm saving up enough to pay for the present my wife is going to give me next Christmas."

How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love—so few about our later love? Are their first poems their best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own Spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.

Judge: "It would be more respectful to this Court, sir, if you would keep your hands out of your pockets. Why do you do so, sir?" Defendant: "Just for the novelty of the thing, your Honor." "Novelty! What d'ye mean?" "Fact is, your Honor, my attorney has had his hands in there so long, I'm tickled to death to get a chance at them myself."

Recent Book Issues.

"A Mad Love; or, The Abbe and His Court," by Emile Zola, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., this city.

Worthington Co., of New York, have issued "Magdalen's Fortunes," by W. Heimburg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, with a profusion of photogravure illustrations. It is a capital novel, written in the style that has given the author such a well-deserved reputation. Contains beautiful descriptions, full of incident, and altogether a clean, bright story. Especially the character of the Little Lady of the Abbey is admirably delineated. It is a very pleasing book from cover to cover.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, have published a very beautiful quarto volume, bound in blue, white, and gold canvas covers, uniform with "Blue Jackets of '61," etc., entitled "Battle Fields of '61." It gives in a graphic manner a narrative of the military operations of the war for the Union up to the end of the Peninsular campaign, by Willes J. Abbott, author of the popular "Blue Jacket" volumes. It contains twenty-eight full-page illustrations, spiritedly drawn by W. C. Jackson, and several maps. Price, $3. For sale by Lippincott.

One of the most important French books of late years is "The Abbe Constantin" by Ludovic Halevy. Unlike what French novels are popularly supposed to be, it combines an entertaining love story with the purest morality. The characters are few but all lovable and natural. The old cure, his godson Jean, and the two American ladies around who the plot turns, combine to make one of the most charming productions of fiction. The English translation is close and tasteful. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, the publishers have issued the book in worthy style on heavy, glazed paper, splendid print, and with a profusion of elegant photogravure illustrations. For sale by Porter & Coates.

A book for presentation purposes of exceptional appropriateness, neatness, taste and interest is "National Songs of America," by S. F. Smith. The songs "The Star-Spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" are all grandly illustrated in colors and monotint, with scenes of America's greatest wonders, most beautiful scenes, famous mountains, waterfalls, and other objects of special interest. No pains have evidently been spared in any respect to make the book perfect as a work of art and beauty. Its other excellences are accompanied by the words and music of the songs and a tasteful binding in blue and gold to set off the whole. Published by F. A. Stokes & Bro., New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," "Brueton's Bayou," etc., contributes the complete novel for the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. In "The New Troubadours at Avignon," William Henry Bishop gives a charming description of the ancient town of Avignon, Robert Grant contributes a clever story entitled "Against His Judgment." Melville Phillips prints some letters from a Russian exile. Thomas Gaffney discusses "Building Associations;" Russell Page gives an entertaining sketch of Virginia country life in "Fiddler Rake' Fiddle;" Charles Morris has something to say about "The Power of the Future;" Julian Hawthorne writes of "Novelistic Habits;" William Shepard tells about "The Evolution of Famous Sayings," and Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet and dramatist, is severely handled in a critique entitled "An Apostle of 'Frankness'." There are several poems, and the departments are up to their usual standard of excellence.

SUPERIOR PASTE.—To make paste of a superior quality, that will not spoil when kept in a cool place for several months, it is necessary to add dissolved alum as a preservative. When a few quarts are required, dissolve a dessertspoonful of alum in two quarts of tepid water. Put the water in a tin pail that will hold six or eight quarts, as the flour of which the paste is made will expand greatly while it is boiling. As soon as the tepid water has cooled, stir in good rye or wheat flour, until the liquid has the consistency of cream. See that every lump of flour is creamed before placing the vessel over the fire. To prevent scorching the paste, place over the fire a dish-kettle or wash-boiler, partly filled with water, and set the tin pail containing the material for paste in the water, permitting the bottom to rest on a few large nails or pebbles, to prevent excessive heat. Now add a teaspoonful of powdered resin, and let it cook until the paste has become as thick as stiff gruel, when it will be ready for use. Keep it in a tight jar, and it will last for a long time. If too thick, add cold water, and stir it thoroughly. Such paste will hold almost as well as glue.

DRUMMER—Well, this has been a good day for me. Won't you come out and take something? Merchant—No, sir! I never take anything in business hours, Mr. Brass; but—ahem—my store will close in about fifteen minutes.

RID YOURSELF of the discomfort and danger attending a cold, by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old established curative for Coughs, Sore Throat and Pulmonary Affections.

WITH A PHRENOLOGIST.

WE WERE at the seashore, and thought that we would have our bumps examined, but not in public. We had heard enough to interest us, for every day a gentleman of engaging manners and "unassuming" voice invited a subject to place himself under his hands. On these occasions many interesting and curious revelations were made. So we were not anxious to "have our heads felt," as one of the subjects suggested.

On the other hand, we had a certain belief. I mean belief up to a certain point, or bump, in Phrenology, and determined to be "done." Whether we were done or not I must leave the unbiassed reader to judge.

Before proceeding further, I must confess that "we" meant, and still means, Matilda and Me.

We were married; we were youthful and hopeful. We had perfect confidence in each other, and never had a word—unless it was of affection—between us. So we determined to interview the Phrenologist with a view, among other things, of learning our own and also our respective characters.

We called at his private residence; not at his tent on the beach; guided thereto by the representation of the human head parcelled out in small numbered spaces or squares, and an announcement that Professor Bubbleleanesqueak was at home at the hours specified. We entered, and, after a pause, to us entered the "Professor."

He was a short, rather stout, individual of pleasant mien. He wore beard and whiskers, was rather bald, and seemed dexterous with his hands, like a conjuror. His name I will not divulge.

Under the pleasant surroundings of flowers and a genial welcome we placed ourselves in the Professor's hands.

"Shall I take you first, sir?" he asked.

I consented, and, feeling as if I were going to have a tooth out, seated myself before the Phrenologist.

"Let me see," he began: "you are rather combative; very amatory; have a considerable amount of self esteem, and yet possess veneration; are conscientious; rather witty; possess talent for music, language; are observant greatly—"

"Is he jealous?" asked my better half, suddenly.

"No; but has a large fund affection, with love of approbation; nevertheless he is firm and cautious; impulsive in matters affecting his heart."

"My gracious!" exclaimed the other half.

"Yes; he is all that, Miss," continued the Professor; "and if you were his wife—"

"Why, I am his wife!" cried Matilda. "Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say, ma'am, that your husband—as he is your husband—possesses a truly manly, yet very affectionate, disposition. He may be romantic, but he has plenty of common sense and determination, with a powerful will, which he is likely to exercise."

"Quite right, Professor," I cried; "you have been correct in almost every particular. Now tell me my wife's characteristics."

"No," cried Matilda, suddenly; "I won't be phrenologised. I am as you observe me, and I will remain the same. Come, James I have heard enough."

I had not heard enough, but we left. Next day when Matilda was shopping I hurried round, and again presented myself before the Professor.

"I have called," I said, "to inquire who your informant was. Do you know my wife, or any intimate friend of mine? Who told you my character?"

The phrenologist stared at me as if I were mad. "Are you serious?" he asked; "do you for one moment imagine that I have been taking money under false pretenses, or that I have been in collusion with your friends? Now, sir, your answer!"

"Do you deny any collusion?" I asked.

"I do, most emphatically," he answered, hotly.

"Then, you will kindly explain how you came to tell me my faults or virtues? If so, I will apologise, and also assist your work."

"Very well, sir, I accept your terms. You are impulsive, you will admit; and you will, I am sure, confess that you have wronged me. Phrenology is practised by feeling human bumps on the head, and by their presence or absence deducing certain characteristics. Habit and practice have confirmed me in my belief that a person—man or woman—whose head displays certain bumps has certain tastes moderately or in excess. A person with a full head above the neck there," he said, putting his fingers on my skull, low down, "is fond of children, and if the bump be greatly developed, the person will spoil children. On the other hand, you have veneration at the top (front), there, of your head. You are full above the eyes and on the brow. There we have perception, love of music, time, and tune. You are mischievous and rather destructive naturally, but your caution, high above the ear at the side of the head, neutralises your passion behind the ear and your rather too affectionate nature. Is that so?"

"Yes; you are right. I said as much yesterday. Still, how do you account for all this?"

"I can't! I tell you frankly I can't. There are many things in nature for which we cannot give reasons. All I can tell you is that study and observation have shown me that certain protuberances are allied with certain characteristics. When I find a case I note it down and study it. Here is a volume full of cases. Many heads are most contradictory; and are not men and women inconsistent? I will tell you a true tale. A very quiet, gentlemanly man came to me once, and I diagnosed him. He seemed religious, charitable, and kind, but he was acquisitive and sensitive in excess; firm, with a cold kind of cruelty—devoid of love! No true affection; plenty of passion of a kind, but nevertheless all subordinate to acquisitiveness. I was afraid of him; noted his features, and sketched them from memory roughly. Two years after I saw his likeness in a paper. He was a notorious housebreaker; and was subsequently hanged for murder!"

I shuddered, rose, and said, "Professor, I beg your pardon! Now what shall I do in life?"

"Not much," he replied, seriously. "You will likely work hard, have a large family, and make many rather sentimental friendships with men and women. You will be lucky, so far, and in your profession of—well, journalist I may say—but keep your temper, it will be tried by somewhat unsympathetic surroundings. Good-day!"

We parted. The Professor has proved very nearly correct, I confess, so far.

ARSENIC EATING.—At a meeting of German naturalists and physicians held in Gratz, Styria, in 1875 two arsenic-eaters were produced, who consumed—one thirty centigrammes of yellow arsenic, the other forty centigrammes. A dose of six centigrammes would to most men be poisonous. The beneficial results derived from the consumption of arsenic seems first to have become apparent to the peasantry through their having treated their cows with it for certain diseases. Indulged in as a remedy then as a pleasing stimulant, it come gradually to be taken as a matter of habit, and cannot be discontinued with impunity. Strange to say, all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning become apparent in those who leave off the drug suddenly. The body wastes away, a feverish thirst sets in, the limbs lose all their force, the skin dries up, the gait becomes unsteady, and the voice thick and hoarse. There are, of course, remedies which can alleviate the pain accompanying these symptoms, but fail to cure; and the body can only be restored to its former condition by a renewed indulgence of the poison.

OLD LEATHER.—It may have been noticed that nowadays very few old shoes and scraps of leather are observable lying in our streets or dust heaps. This is in a great measure due to the collections of old scraps of leather, which are taken to mills, where they are cut up almost into fine dust. To this is added about 40 per cent. of India rubber, and the whole is then subjected to a pressure of 6000 or 10,000 pounds per square cot.

The substance is then colored, and is sold at prices some 50 per cent. below that of natural leather. It is manifestly a very poor substitute, and it is wholly wanting in fibre; in fact, if it were not for the insane craze for cheap articles which buyers vainly hope to substitute for those which, though the original cost is greater, are yet in the end cheaper, we should never hear of this compound, which might almost as well be made of saw dust as leather dust.

"That's stuff," said the editor, as he handed the poem back. "That's tough," said the poet, as he turned sorrowfully away. And yet the editor and the poet did not at all agree.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen, DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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When the Summer flowers have faded,
And the leaves are turning yellow,
Sorrow not if she you love best
Goes off with some other fellow.

Grieve not o'er your ice-cream wasted,
Or your squandered soda-water;
Mourn not that she ate so quickly
All the caramels you bought her.

Her estrangement is for Winter:
'Tis not meant to last forever;
When next ice-cream season opens,
She will love you, same as ever.

—E.

Good at figures—A tailor.

A touch of nature—A kiss.

Set in her ways—A brooding hen.

Why does the ocean get angry?—Because it has been crossed so often.

Before arithmetic was invented people multiplied on the face of the earth.

It is quite natural that the man who steps on a tack should be hopping mad.

Time flies and stays for no man. The only fellow who can beat it is the musician.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal?—Because he will lie down if you axe him.

Why is a weathercock like a loafer?—Because it is constantly going around doing nothing.

"I believe your wife's mother is with you now?" "Yes, she's with me, but she's again me."

Cholly: "Do you notice, Dolly, that I am raising a moustache?" Dolly: "Well! it needs raising, for I perceive it's down at present."

Chesterfield: "I dislike women barbers." Jingles: "Why, I thought you were an admirer of the sex!" "So I am; that's why I hate to be cut by the ladies."

There is something solemn in the tones of a great bell striking midnight, especially if you are a mile from home and know that your wife is sitting behind the hall-door waiting for you.

Women have check enough to wear men's hats on their heads; but there's one thing they dare not do. Not one of them dare to remove her hat in public and dust off the bald spot.

An old lady, not remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said: "It was a beautiful bright night; the moon made everything as light as a feather!"

"The Herr Baron is not at home, but you can leave your bill if you choose." "Bill? I haven't any bill. I only meant——" "No bill? Then you must have made a mistake in the house."

Tom, angrily: "Did you hear Dick call me an idiot?" Harry: "No; on the contrary, he paid you a compliment." "Ah! What did he say?" "He remarked that you were not the only idiot in the world."

Yabsley: "Did I understand you to say that Mudge went insane when Miss Fillip refused him?" Wickwire: "I don't know what you understood me to say. What I said was, that he went away mad."

Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The punishment being over, "Papa," he sobs, in tones of anguish, "how could you marry such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

Mean contractor, to workman who fell from a three-story wall which he was tearing down: "I'll have to dock you for lost time." Workman, ashamed: "I thought I was saving time coming down that way. Next time I'll take the ladder."

City cousin: "How's your father, Jim?" Country cousin: "Father isn't very well." "He must be getting along in years." "Only 89 last spring." "What seems to be the matter with him?" "Can't just say; I guess farming's beginning to tell on him."

At a crowded concert the other evening a young lady standing at the door of the hall was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a seat, but the empty ones are full."

Mrs. Dainty: "I am so delighted to welcome you that I have come right down, you see, without even stopping to put on my cuffs." Mrs. Fauxpas, returning her embrace: "You sweet thing, as if any one with the wrists of a Venus de Milo need to even think of wearing cuffs."

Had been there. Mrs. Blotterwich: "Joshua, there was a tramp here this afternoon, and he looked so hungry that I gave him a large piece of gooseberry pie. I wonder how he feels now?" Mr. B., gloomily: "I know how he feels. I had a piece of that pie at dinner, you remember."

Professor of Geology: "Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term I asked you to report to me individually any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Freshman, you may begin." Freshman: "Please, sir, mine had golden hair, blue eyes and a tailor-made suit."

"Say," said the hotel keeper to the reporter, "if there's one thing I do get tired of it's the way people have of telling me how to run a hotel. One feller says I ought to do this, and another says I ought to do that. By the way, it's a wonder to me you fellows don't write that kind of people up. It's just the thing you ought to do. If I was running a newspaper you bet I'd—what are you grinning at. I'd like to know?"

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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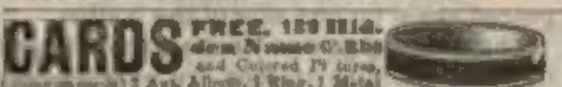

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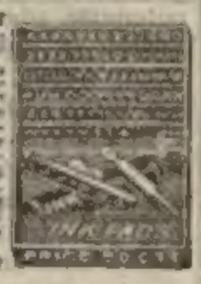

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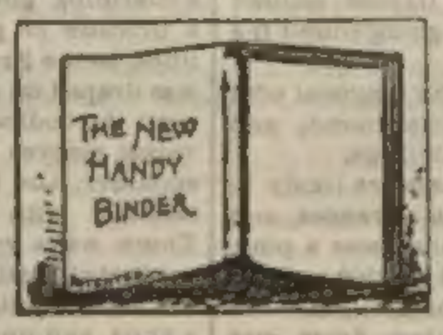

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The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Eye and Eye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every house in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Buffalo Bill in Paris has made the word "Buffalo" — pronounced *a l' Anglais*—a favorite one applied to a variety of novelties. For example, a new stuff for a fashionable cloak, a corse, diagonal wool, with a pattern interwoven in frise, in the semblance of feathers, with a tinge of blue and red in the centre.

This is made up with full sleeves, the tight cuff starting from the elbow, and a full bodice, the skirt reaching almost to the feet. It looks well bordered with fur. Tartans will decidedly be worn this winter.

At the back of the waist the folds stood out detached; three pleats were placed at the side.

The MacLeod and McPherson are the favorite tartans just now. They appear on diagonal grounds, as a deep border woven in velvet, to the depth of some half yard. This sort of skirt is absolutely new, and is made in many varieties with horizontal and diagonal lines, capital for draping.

The stripes are made up with the plain material. The Jacquard woven stuffs are noticeable for the beauty of their colorings. There is a hawthorn pattern in many tones on varied grounds, such as pink on brown. This is used for the bodice and upper portion of the dress.

With such skirts no steels are needed, and only a very little pad; but the skirt is kept to shape by drawing strings, or the sides would droop. Bands of plush, apparently starting from a lighter colored foundation are woven for going round the skirt.

A pretty example is a gray diagonal with lighter toned rows of plush round, and this is repeated in many colorings.

For evening gowns gauzes are likely to be much worn as the season advances, and one among many examples was a pink striped with armure, and on this a white brocade of flowers was thrown.

Another charming evening dress was black net worked all over in an Empire design with tosca beads, gold lined, for it is the metallic lining that gives the name; Sarah Bernhardt wearing a dress thus trimmed in the favorite play.

Handsome jetted patterns in net are used for the fronts and sides of gowns; all these designs are heavy and pronounced at the base, and rise spiral fashion towards the waist.

The Russian nets have been brought out in many designs with spots, and cubes, introduced at intervals. These are made into full all-round skirts, drawn up just on one side to show apparently an underskirt, with a broad band of velvet. Sometimes the underskirt is cream, sometimes black, and the Zouave jacket is a favorite form of bodice.

For those who object to a heavily jetted net skirt, a new design in tambour stitching, with a few beads only, has been brought out, and is effective.

A handsome trimming for day dresses is a specie of open guipure in black silk and beads, worked in soft red silk or any other color, so that when cut out the red foundation shows; this is used for cuffs, collars, the flap pocket, and sometimes as plastrons or waistbands on full bodices. It is not unlike point de Venise.

Some bridesmaids' dresses in silk striped Chambery gauze are attractive; the skirts are mounted in accordion pleats, the Josephine bodices are crossed back and front with white satin scarves, and gathered at the waist; the hats are of the Longchamps form.

The bride's is of rich cream satin, made with a long plain train, the front of the skirt draped with fine old lace caught up with orange blossom, a ruche going down one side, where the dress and train blend.

The bride is exceedingly tall, and the bodice could hardly have been arranged with more skill, the lace so draped that it gives fulness to the bust. It is high at the throat, and long in the sleeves, for long sleeves have now become the fashion.

The going away gown is of tenderest gray French cashmere, embroidered in ecru in tambour stitch, the design being Renaissance in style.

The dress is made as a long polonaise opening at the side, just to show a narrow strip of work, which is carried down both sides of the polonaise; the bodice crosses, and on the side where there is no embroidery there are stripes of diagonal ribbon in ecru.

A poppy-red dinner gown had a brocaded back and a plain Merveilleux front; the low bodice draped with a white muslin fichu, edged with frilling, a shower of ribbons falling from the fichu on one side of the skirt.

A lovely maize poult de soie had a full plain skirt and a full low Empire bodice, high on the shoulders; in the front of the skirt was a gold and white applique, more than a quarter of a yard deep, and this appeared again on one side of the bodice.

The evening gowns were all trained, and in Paris walking dresses are now made to touch the ground, which is greatly to be regretted.

A reseda Vicuna, for day wear, has many novel points; the underskirt has rows of black lace insertion let in horizontally; the polonaise edged with black lace, a wide falling of figured black lace forming the front, which falls over plain silk on the skirt; the full bodice has the sleeves cut in a new style—they are carried into the shoulder, in fact, into the collar band, and are very full at the top; there is an Empire bow of moire ribbon at the side, consisting of two ends and two loops, the loops very short; across the bodice bands of ribbon are carried, forming a waist, and ending at the side in a bow.

A black and white striped silk and satin dress, with two bodices, was a covetable gown. The skirt was plainly draped, the high bodice covered with lace, and the demi-toilette bodice made with a Medicis collar of beaded net, lined with a soft tulle ruche; the elbow sleeves transparent, and on the outside of the arm the black beaded net was lined with white net, which is invisible when on, but makes the arm look white.

The color the most *a la mode* in Paris just now is the Eiffel, a reddish-brown, and a charming gown of wool in this tone had a brocade of graduated black water (pastilles, as the French call them). The skirt was draped on one side over a velvet petticoat; the bodice was full, with puffed black velvet sleeves standing up high on the shoulder, the lower portion of the sleeves fastened with a double row of buttons. There was a yoke on the shoulders, with graduated pastilles.

Another quite original gown consisted of a skirt and under bodice of Gobelin blue silk; the overdress was of Eiffel cloth, both sides being trimmed from neck to heel, which is quite a new style in Paris.

Faced cloths still hold their own with the few, and in these there are two new shades, trimming and braiding each differently, one being a rich deep blue gray, and the other of the tint of a thrush's egg, both almost impossible to picture in words, but pleasing to the eye.

The braiding on these cloths is done in tubular and Russian braids, with the design outlined in fine fancy cord. Sometimes the whole design is carried out in fine mixed metal cording, with the color of the cloth cunningly twisted in. This is done on cloaks and outdoor jackets, as well as gowns.

Another speciality is the fancy silk hunting vesting, which is used as the waistcoats, in Louis XIV. style, of the smartest gowns. The colors and combinations are in great beauty and variety, from cream dashed with orange to dark blue and brown, and all have a running tracery of gold colored filoselle, giving the effect of real gold, as in rich brocades.

Odds and Ends.

OF SPANISH COOKERY.

The olla podrida, or national hot-pot, eaten every day by the Spaniards in every place, is really more of a dinner than a dish, and therefore many eat nothing else. For such a dish the following recipes should be consulted, and the directions followed to the letter:

Olla Podrida (Superior).—Put in a saucepan two pound of lean beef, veal or mutton, a pint of dwarf or chick peas (previously soaked in water for six hours). Then blanch in boiling water for twenty minutes one-half pound of raw ham, which add to the other ingredients, with enough water to cover them. Skim carefully, and, after boiling gently two hours, add a fowl, a carrot, an onion, a clove of garlic, two cloves, and two bay leaves, which inclose in some branches of parsley, tying all together. Boil again for an hour, adding two smoked sausages (chorizos), which can be had at any fine grocery, and a cabbage previously blanched. Continue boiling gently for two hours. Soak a pinch of saffron in water, strain it into the soup on the fire until the ingredients become yellow. For an extra high-class olla, an hour before serving add to the general ingredients a few giblets, liver, brains, artichoke bottoms, and hard-boiled eggs. This stew is then arranged as a dinner of several courses, the first of which begins with soup, or the gravy of the olla, strained from the meats and poured boiling hot over slices of toast in a separate bowl or tureen. After this the beef is served with the chick-peas (garbanzos), and garnished with carrots. Then follows the fowl, which should only cook about an hour in the general stew, and be finished as a roast, basting it frequently with the yolks of beaten-up eggs mixed with hot lard so as to color quickly. This roast oddly enough precedes a dish of veal served with tomato sauce, or mutton served with lentils or rice, winding up with a made dish of partridges or various small birds, highly seasoned with cloves and other strong spices.

Olla Podrida (Economical).—A large piece of boiled meat generally forms the centre of the dish, around it are the wings of a fowl, a chorizo or two, fat bacon, vegetables and ham under it; over the meat and in all spare corners are garbanzos (peas). Such is an ordinary olla, but every family modifies it according to their purse. The poor man is content with meat and chick-peas, the gentleman adds to it various delicacies.

Puchero (Stew).—First cover the bottom of a stewpot with a layer of thin slices of meat cut from a leg of mutton, then add alternate layers of fat bacon and onions peeled and sliced. Season each layer with salt, pepper, and spices, and pour in sufficient water or broth to cover all. Cook slowly till the meat is tender. In the meantime prepare a puree of baked pistachio nuts or pine kernels to serve under the meat. Squeeze over the juice of two or three pomegranates, and serve hot.

Estofado.—Cut about two pound of mutton or pork into small square pieces. Melt some lard in a stewpan, lay in the pieces of meat, and fry on a brisk fire, to brown quickly, turning it as soon as one side is colored. Set the meat aside in a dish to keep hot. Fry in the same fat a quantity of shalots, cut small. Put the meat, onions, and fat in a narrow-necked stone jar, with a tumblerful of red wine, and the same quantity of broth or water. Add tomatoes, four cloves of garlic chopped small, parsley, green pepper or capsicums, salt, a few cloves, mace, grated nutmeg, and any other spices at hand. Place on the top of the jar an enormous onion, to serve instead of a cover. Set the pan over a slow fire, and let the contents simmer about an hour.

Grenada Toasts.—Cut some fat and lean bacon into dice, give them a few turns over the fire, with parsley, green onions, pepper, salt, and the yolks of three eggs. Stir it frequently till it forms a kind of forcemeat, spread it over slices of bread cut of an equal thickness, and fry them.

Gaspacho (Salad).—Peel and slice a few tomatoes, two onions, and a cucumber. Add green pepper, a little parsley, and cheervil, cut small. Prepare some fine breadcrumbs about double in quantity to the other ingredients, and mix with it two or three cloves of garlic chopped fine—the garlic must be so fine as hardly to be visible—or breadcrumbs rubbed with garlic (which is less strong) may be added. Season to taste as for an ordinary salad with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, adding as much cold water as required to form a thick soup. This is a favorite dish in Andalusia, and said to be healthy and refreshing in a warm climate.

Farro.—Take about a pint of braised oats, wash well in two or three waters, first cold, then lukewarm. Put it in a saucepan to boil with a quart of stock (broth previously seasoned and flavored). When the oats have boiled half an hour and begin to swell and break, add a few blanched sweet almonds. Let it simmer for half an hour. Strain through a clean cloth, and pound well. Add a cupful of fresh broth to the mass or pulp, and work it through a sieve, so as to clear away any remaining husks, also to whiten the farro, thinning it with a little more liquid if too thick or stiff. Set it again on the fire to become hot; sweeten to taste, and serve.

THE QUARRIES OF JERUSALEM.—The underground quarries in Jerusalem from which the stone was got which was used in the building of Solomon's Temple were almost entirely forgotten until a recent period. Then they were, so to speak, rediscovered in an odd way.

A missionary's dog chasing a fox, followed it into a large hole near the Damascus Gate. Fainter and fainter grew the dog's barks, and then they ceased altogether. But presently the dog itself came out of the earth at a different opening.

This of course led to inquiry, and the quarries and caves (in which many of the Jews found refuge when the Romans captured their city, A. D. 70), were once more brought to mind. The quarries look as if the men had not long since left off working them.

The little shelves for the lamps, with traces of smoke on the rock above, are still visible; blocks of stone partly hewn lie on the floor, and the spectator almost expects the quarrymen to return after the dinner-hour.

Confidential Correspondents.

READER.—Dom Pedro II was born at Rio de Janeiro on December 2, 1825.

ARGUO.—The area of London, England, is about 690 square miles; the area of Philadelphia, 129½ square miles.

P. W. H.—The estimated population of Brazil in 1885 was 12,922 275. The religion of the Empire is Roman Catholic.

DOUBT.—Dress suits should not be worn at a wedding breakfast, nor at any wedding that occurs before 6 o'clock in the evening.

DAINTY. — "Gutter-snipe" is a Wall street term for a broker who does business on the street and is not a member of the Stock Exchange.

E. W. G.—A Papal bull is an edict or mandate issued by the Pope originally; so named from "bulla" the Latin word for the seal affixed to it.

S. T. W.—The parents have full legal control over the wages of minor children, and may hire or bind them out if they desire under proper legal restrictions.

BUSY.—Wilful desertion for two years; imprisonment for felony, cruel treatment, fraud and violation of the marriage laws are all causes for divorce in this State.

COAL.—The circular price of Schuylkill small stove coal at the mines is now $2 60; the freight to Philadelphia for local consumption, $1,70; for shipment by vessel, $1 40.

JEST.—A street car conductor is not compelled to make change at all. It is the custom, however, to give change to the amount of two dollars if the conductor has that amount on hand.

JULIANA.—The watermark of a sheet of paper is the tracing that becomes visible when held up to the light. Foolscap paper was originally marked with a fool's cap, hence its name.

BATLER.—There would be no impropriety in making the young lady a present of jewelry on Christmas providing your relations with her are such that any present would be admissible.

WONDERING.—There would be nothing improper in your being taken by the young man to see his parents; but it might not be advisable to do so without the consent of your own father and mother.

LOIS.—You had better let the gentleman alone; if he made the quarrel, and declines to "make it up," he must have had a motive in doing it. Do not be eager to run after a man who could act like that; there are plenty as good as he in the world.

CHICAGO.—Under the Timber Culture law any settler who has cultivated for two years as much as five acres of trees of an 80-acre homestead, or 10 acres of a homestead of 160 acres, is entitled to a free patent for the land at the end of eight years.

H. A. P.—To clean silver. Wash clean and apply the following paste: nitrate of silver, one drachm; cyanide of potassium, two drachms; prepared chalk, five drachms; powder finely, and make into a thin paste, with water. Apply with a moist rag, and polish with chamois leather.

HILDA.—There was a good deal of nonsense written a little while ago about the production of artificial eggs; we will not believe in them when we see them. In any case, if such a thing were possible as the production of an artificial egg, it is certain it would cost a good deal more than a real one.

P. B. S.—Roland and Oliver were two famous Paladins, knights or heroes of the period of Charlemagne, whose adventures are related in the old French chansons. The proverbial phrase "A Roland for an Oliver," indicates two champions equally matched, or a blow and counter blow, or "tit for tat."

D. E. L.—Nihilism is, in effect, the Russian term for the system advocated by the Anarchists of this country—the destruction of all government and the spoliation of all property. Socialism, on the contrary, contemplates governmental management of the industries and property of the country and an equal distribution of proceeds.

BADGER.—The symptoms you are showing of loss of memory, depression, fits, etc., following on the injury you received, are not to be trifled with. If you can manage it, you had better leave your business for a couple of months or so, and take complete rest in the country or at the seaside. By letting your brain and nervous system lie perfectly quiet for a time you will have the best chance of recovery. You should not go anywhere unless you have cheerful companionship or surroundings that will take your mind off yourself. You probably will not require much medicine, though you would do well to confide to a doctor what you have stated in your letter.

GIRLS.—To stain floors nothing can be better than the oaken stains to be procured at any oil-shop. The floors will first require a good scrubbing or two, and perhaps planing also, to make them smooth. It is a saving of the staining liquid if you size the floor first, before the staining. When the boards are dark enough and perfectly dry, you can proceed to varnish or give a polish with turpentine and beeswax, which is made as follows: Shave up the beeswax finely into a jar, and pour on it enough turpentine to cover it; let it stand all night, and in the morning it will be of the consistency of cream. Use a woollen rag to rub it on, and polish with a roll made of flannel or felt. Varnished floors can be polished in the same manner, and kept as bright as ever.

PERPLEXED.—Your case reduced to its simplest terms, is this: Someone loves you and would marry you whom you do not love. You love and would marry someone who does not love you. This state of affairs happens very often in life and from what we know of men and women we would prefer taking our chances of happiness with the one who loved us, rather than with the one we loved under such circumstances. We cannot add anything to this general expression to make it stronger. A woman needs cherishing more than a man. A man can well pass single or married life without the sustaining help of a woman's love. A woman, however, is differently constituted. To her love is a necessity; and even where she enters into wedlock without actual love, but with no positive fear or loathing, it is more than likely that with the coming of children and confidence in her husband's love, she will grow to esteem him, and that is much more than exists between many couples who entered matrimony with apparently the strongest love on both sides. We think altogether you might well take the risk with the man who loves you.